The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1915.

Summary of the News

The identic note addressed by the Government of the United States to the British and French Governments in regard to the Order in Council constituting an embargo on German commerce was published on Tuesday morning. The note is friendly in tone and amounts virtually to an assertion of the right of non-contraband shipments from the United States to be transported through neutral countries to belligerent territory. Comment on this matter will be found in our editorial columns.

The American note to Germany regarding the sinking by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich of the sailing ship William P. Frye was made public on Monday. It is confined principally to a recital of the legal aspects of the sinking of the Frye and in diplomatic language suggests that Germany make "reparation" to the extent of $228,059.54.

The eruption of Bulgarian irregular troops across the Servian frontier on April 3 is not without precedent since the beginning of the war, but is the most serious incident of the kind that has occurred. The Bulgarians, who were apparently in considerable numbers, and are said to have been led by Austrian officers, compelled the Servian frontier guards to retreat and occupied the heights on the left bank of the Varda River, penetrating as far as Strumitza. Subsequently Servian reinforcements arrived, and the invaders were driven back beyond the frontier, with considerable losses on either side. A protest has been lodged by Servia with the Bulgarian Government. That this incident marks an intention on the part of Bulgaria to enter the war on the side of the Teutonic Allies and Turkey is hardly credible. Granted that the present might appear a favorable moment for wiping off old scores with Servia, yet a Bulgarian attack on that country would almost certainly bring Rumania and Greece into the war on the side of the Allies. At the Dardanelles is a vast Anglo-French fleet, some ships of which, in that event, would immediately be detached for operations against the Bulgarian coast on the Aegean, and a considerable army of the Allies, which would presently be reinforced, is already gathered for an attack on the Peninsula of Gallipoli.

Despite official denials rumors have persisted during the past week of negotiations for peace instituted by Austria and Turkey independently of Germany. It would be decidedly premature to attach great importance to any of these rumors, and Turkey, in particular, is likely, in view of the present suspension of operations against the Dardanelles, to be in better heart than was the case a few weeks ago. With Austria, however, it is conceivable that it might be a case of rumor anticipating fact. Evidence accumulates that conditions in Austria-Hungary are far worse than official optimism would have us believe. On Monday the New York *Times* reproduced a remarkable article from the Hungarian *Az*, which was sent by the Budapest correspondent of the London *Morning Post* under date of March 31. Deploring the fall of Peremysl, the writer complains of the official deception practiced throughout in concealing the desperate state of affairs in the fortress and the losses sustained by its fall. After prophesying that "we are on the eve of great events . . . something must happen, something must come, for things cannot go on in this way," he continues: "The silence of Count Tisza and the Government is also disquieting. . . . Since the bread famine and the epidemic of disease he is neither heard of nor seen anywhere. People are not used to his silence and they interpret this as a bad omen."

Investigation has shown that one of the passengers drowned when the Falaba was torpedoed on March 28 was an American citizen, Leon C. Thrasher. It is understood that the United States Embassy in London is investigating the matter, and will report the result of its investigations to the State Department. The case is said to assume a certain significance in view of the language used in the American note to Berlin of February 10 in regard to the proposed submarine "blockade," when the German Government was invited "to consider before action the critical situation in respect to the relation between this country and Germany which might arise were the German naval forces, in carrying out the policy foreshadowed in the Admiralty's proclamation, to destroy any merchant vessel of the United States or cause the deaths of American citizens."

In pursuance of their orders "to sink everything" German submarines have during the past week added four British trawlers and a French fishing vessel to their list of victims. They have also sent to the bottom one Norwegian, one Russian, one French, and eight British ships. A Dutch vessel was destroyed by a mine. In some cases the crews were able to save themselves. In others, as in those of the French Emma and the British Seven Seas, lives were lost. Altogether the tale of victims from these exploits, which cover the week ended on Tuesday, has been thirty-four. During the week ended March 31 seven British steamers were torpedoed, of which six were sunk and the seventh succeeded in reaching port. During the same period 1,559 vessels entered and sailed from British ports. In this connection it is interesting to note the figures, reproduced by the New York *Times* on April 1, which Mr. Bruce Ismay contributed to the London *Daily Telegraph*. After giving percentages of losses in ships and cargoes since the beginning of the war, Mr. Ismay points out that the Government maintains insurance rates on ships at 10s. per month per £100, whereas the losses average only 5s. 6d. per cent., and that the rate on cargoes is 21s., whereas the losses have averaged only 11s. 6d. per cent.

As a result of assertions by Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Kitchener that drinking is largely responsible for the recent labor troubles and delay in the production of necessary armaments, the question of prohibition has assumed large importance in Britain. King George took the lead last week in a movement for voluntary abstinence, by announcing that no alcoholic beverages would be consumed in his establishments during the war, and his example was immediately followed by similar announcements from Lord Kitchener and other prominent people. The country is sharply divided as to whether the question may better be solved by voluntary abstinence or governmental prohibition.

The intentions of the Prinz Eitel Friedrich, the German auxiliary cruiser which has been undergoing repairs in the harbor of Newport News, remain wrapped in mystery. Reports were current on Saturday that the vessel had taken advantage of the blizzard to slip out of harbor and attempt to run the gantlet of British and French cruisers, but as we write she is still at her dock and it seems most probable that she will elect to intern.

A man of the name of Raymond Swoboda, said to be an American citizen, was arrested in Paris on March 31 on the charge of having started the fire on the steamship Touraine, of the French Line, which imperilled the safety of the ship when she was at sea on March 6. Ambassador Sharp has been requested by the State Department to inquire into the case.

According to computations of the Census Bureau the population of the United States reached the figure of one hundred millions on April 2.

Normal conditions were restored on the New York Stock Exchange on April 1, when the minimum prices for stocks, that had been in force since the reopening on December 12, were abolished, and at the same time unrestricted trading in bonds was resumed.

As a result of friendly proceedings, the International Mercantile Marine Company was put in the hands of a receiver on April 3. Depression in business due to the war is given as the cause of the proceedings. The receivership, to which Philip A. S. Franklin, vice-president of the company, has been appointed, will not, it is announced, interfere with the operation of the fleets of the company.

Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, Aide for Operations in the Navy Department, on April 2 asked to be relieved from that position and assigned to duty elsewhere. Secretary Daniels has accepted the resignation, but Rear-Admiral Fiske will be retained in his present office until President Wilson has appointed a Chief of Naval Operations, an office created during the last session of Congress. No official reason has been given for the resignation, but it is generally understood to have been due to differences of opinion between Secretary Daniels and Rear-Admiral Fiske over naval policy.

The deaths of the week include: Sir John Cameron Lamb, Col. M. R. Muckle, March 30; Lord Rothschild, March 31; John Englis, April 1; Dr. William H. Randall, April 2; Miss Mary E. Garrett, Dr. Julius M. Bleyer, Rev. Dr. William P. Swartz, April 3; Col. De Lancey Astor Kane, ex-Representative William H. Jackson, April 4; Dr. George P. Coler, April 5; ex-Governor Curtis Guild, jr., April 6.

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The Week

Americans have every reason to be satisfied with the notes to the German Government and to the British, *signed* by Mr. Bryan. In such matters, as Lord Palmerston once observed, the "tone" is everything, and the tone of these two communications is perfect. If the United States has sometimes been accused of "shirt-sleeve diplomacy," no fling of that kind is conceivable in this case. It is full-dress diplomacy of which our Government has given a fine example. The note to Germany, in connection with the sinking of the Frye, is a little masterpiece. Far from there being a suspicion of bluster or eagle-screaming in it, the form throughout is merely that of a bill rendered. The ship was sunk on such a day, worth so much, expected freight revenues being so and so, incidental expenses amounting to this figure and indirect damages to that, the total being as here stated, for which sum kindly remit. That is all. No arguing about liability, no citations of law or treaty, but merely a quiet taking for granted that Germany has no defence to make of the unwarranted action of the captain of the Eitel Friedrich, and that she will settle up without demur. Nothing could be better. It is the sort of communication which one gentleman would make to another. We may confidently expect the German Government to see the point and reply in kind. "Sorry to hear my dog got off the leash and killed your chickens. Check herewith, as per your account."

In the representations made by our Government to Great Britain, there is some contentious matter, but it is dealt with in a temper wholly admirable. The statement of what we conceive to be our rights is made with firmness but without hectoring, while the right of the British to proceed by way of a blockade of Germany is conceded without niggling. The Washington note is also ready, in a spirit of reason, to concede that the technique of a blockade may be modified, in non-essentials, by the conditions of modern warfare. The blockade may be maintained a thousand miles away from the enemy's ports. It need not be more clearly defined, geographically, than the British have defined it. And their full right to capture and condemn any neutral blockade-runner is unqualifiedly granted by the American Government. No American President could now take any other position. If he did, he would expect to be confronted in the White House by the ghosts of Seward and Lincoln. Apart from the questions growing strictly out of the blockade of Germany, there are questions which arise from the British Order in Council that affect trade with neutral countries. Now, on these subordinate points, the two Governments are not really far apart. The Order in Council speaks of ships bound for neutral ports but with goods clearly of "enemy destination." This is a thing to be proved in the prize courts. The United States navy stopped many a blockade-runner headed for Nassau, but having on board arms or supplies plainly intended for the Confederates. And our courts sustained the seizures. Moreover, as for non-contraband goods, like foodstuffs, shipped to Holland with Germany as the ultimate destination, it must be remembered that the prize courts have not, so far, passed upon the Wilhelmina's cargo, or yet decided whether the action of the German Government in taking over all food-supplies does make them lawfully contraband. Obviously, therefore, some of the points made by our Government are subject to future adjudication.

Lloyd George's vehement protests against the drink evil among employees in the war-supply factories are now supplemented by what is virtually an appeal by the King to the country. The attitude of the Government would argue that the English workers have given themselves up to an orgy of alcoholism, a state of things which the press denies and which in itself seems improbable. Even if it were true that the patriotic response to the needs of the war has been sluggish among the workers, it is hard to imagine them more indifferent to-day than in time of peace. As a matter of fact, the workers, judging by enlistments, have responded very well. The probable explanation is to be found in the enormous expansion of the war-munition industry. The factories must supply an army ten times the size of England's peace army, and not unlikely must look after the needs of some of the smaller Allies. Hence there is need for every man that can be put to work in the munition factories and the allied industries. In times of peace every industry has its small minority of shiftless operatives and heavy drinkers, yet manages to get on in some way. In the present emergency no man can be left idle. The Government thus faces the problem of putting to work the kind of men who at all times would rather drink than work.

The authoritative statement that representatives of the medical expeditions from the United States, France, and England to Servia are meeting in Paris to map out the work and coöperate in the effort to stamp out typhus is gratifying evidence that a spirit of unity and efficiency will control the undertaking. But the news from Servia continues so terrible—192 doctors are already reported to have lost their lives in their efforts to stem the disease—that no one must think the problem solved merely by the dispatching of this coöperative medical expedition. There is an enormous amount still to be done. Indeed, at the present time the need for aid is greater in Servia than anywhere else, not only because of the sufferings of the people themselves, but because of the speed with which the typhus plague spreads. Unless it can be promptly confined to Servia and stamped out, it will run all through Europe, and may even find its way to the United States. It is because of the gravity of this danger that such distinguished specialists and scientists as form the American Relief Party have been willing to drop their work and go. But they cannot do good service unless they are warmly supported by the public, the press, and the Government. Typhus is a disease with a mortality of 40 per cent.; is curable only by good nursing; and nursing supplies can be obtained only from abroad. Again, properly to handle the epidemic, the suffering Servians should be placed in tents or wooden barracks, but there are no tents, and there is almost no wood obtainable in all Servia, or clothing, either.

Serious attention need not be paid to the latest story of Austria's peace approaches to the Czar. There are two reasons why such a move is highly improbable. One is that Austria making peace on her own account is conceivable only in the most desperate circumstances. The tremendous pressure that Berlin will bring to bear to prevent so fatal a blow is apparent. The situation in the Carpathians is difficult, but once before Russian armies were on Hungarian soil and were driven out. In the second place, if Vienna sees itself compelled to make territorial sacrifices, it is not to Russia she will turn, but to Italy. The latter can be placated at a smaller price. By arriving at an understanding with Italy, the Austrian Government could effect the release of sufficient troops, both her own and Germany's, to counterbalance the loss of Peremysl and the consequent accretion in the Russian strength. It would be a repetition, in modified form, of the situation with regard to Servia. Vir-

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tually admitting that she had no troops to spare for another Servian invasion, Vienna chose to concentrate against the enemy from whom she has most to fear—Russia. If the need arises, Vienna can purchase the release of several army corps now on guard on her western frontiers.

It has remained for a David among the fortresses of Europe to humble the 42-centimetre Goliath. Though Liège, Namur, Maubeuge, Antwerp, and Peremysl have fallen, the Germans have twice failed before Ossowiec, a Russian fortress on the Narew. It is not included in the latest available list of Russian fortified places, but appears on German maps of ten years ago. It is said to have been recently reconstructed, but it is not likely that the Russian engineers foresaw the 42-centimetre gun. In October the Germans bombarded the place, and again in March, and on both occasions were forced to retreat. One reason is that the attacking forces had to reckon with a mobile Russian army of considerable strength, whereas at Namur and Antwerp the Germans were present in overwhelming numbers, and at Maubeuge there was no hostile field army to reckon with. But the principal reason why Ossowiec should have held out where greater fortresses have fallen is that, being purely a military stronghold, it could endure the ravages of a bombardment which cities with large civilian populations cannot withstand. One of the lessons of the war is likely to be that it is an error to fortify a great city which public sentiment would rather see surrendered than destroyed.

Only Republicans with good memories will be able to keep in mind the list of their Presidential possibilities, if it continues to grow at the present rate. It is a little painful, however, to see how irreverently some of them are spoken of in well-informed quarters. Thus, a Washington correspondent writes his paper: "Fuse together the intellectuals of Charley Fairbanks and Jim Watson, and then throw in the thought-incubator of the Hon. James A. Hemenway, and you could hide the entire lump in one corner of the mind of the least of the four remarkable men I speak of"—the four being another group of Hoosiers: Oliver P. Morton, George W. Julian, Benjamin Harrison, and Walter Q. Gresham. So be it. But does it always take brains to get votes? And is not Watson rated an orator? To this question, the correspondent replies: "No doubt, he is an effective stump speaker. At this moment I do not recall a more complete master of clap-trap." But it must be admitted that the Indiana Congressman climbed to the position of Whip in the House. He must have some qualifications. Yes, replies the correspondent: "Here is what he is fit for and all he is fit for—to tell the Democrats how mean they are."

The announcement by the governing committee of the New York Stock Exchange, that the restriction of "minimum prices" is abolished, may have a perplexingly technical sound to many readers; but it embodies a good deal of the economic history of the war. The financial paralysis which came with the European war was something the world had never seen before. Even in the twelve-year Napoleonic conflict of a century ago, no stock exchange shut down and no market proclaimed a moratorium on debts, except in the face of actual invasion. The response of the markets to the outbreak of this war was that the heart of the financial world almost ceased, for the time, to beat. The one apprehension whose influence, even after the economic skies had cleared, hung longest over our own financial situation, because it seemed in all respects most plausible, was the fear that Europe, the moment it had opportunity to do so, would force back upon the New York Stock Exchange, at any price obtainable, all of the huge mass of American securities held by foreign investors. It was this misgiving which kept the New York Stock Exchange closed between July 30 and December 12. It had other strange results; not the least curious of which was the obsession, on the part of our governmental and Stock Exchange authorities, that if the general public were allowed to learn what prices were actually quoted for securities, in the irregular trading on the street, the financial crash would come. Every one knows to-day that the "New Street curb," with all its collection of queer and sometimes doubtful personalities, was the real market for making financial values during that period, and that it measured the fluctuations of the home investor's sentiment—as makeshift markets always do, when official markets close their doors.

When the New York Stock Exchange resumed business on December 12, the fear of the "general European liquidation" still haunted Wall Street sufficiently to call for measures of protection. With the market's reopening, accordingly, "minimum prices" were announced for all active securities. Below those arbitrary prices, nobody was allowed to buy or sell. If European holders of our stocks and bonds were to "shake the bag," they must stop when prices reached the official "minimum." So thoroughly artificial an expedient was bound to produce some incongruous results and some singular reasoning. There was a week of wholly unintelligent fright, when one active stock followed the "minimum" down as fast as the committee lowered it—as if a heavy break, in the shares of a company which had just passed its dividend, was something new to Wall Street. There were erudite newspaper editors who set forth the virtues of perpetual "minimum prices" as a means of preventing the wicked "bears" from creating lower prices. There was even a prevalent argument that, though prices in general were far above the "minimums," the existence of those arbitrary restrictions was the only reason why Europe did not empty its strong-boxes on our market—as if the foreign investor was restrained from selling only because his stocks could not bring low enough prices to suit him. The end of all this came with the decision on Wednesday of last week to abolish all the "minimums."

Those following Wisconsin's grievances against her University must be struck by the complaint that money has been spent upon it to the neglect of the lower schools, which the University had not done enough to improve. But State universities have no way of doing this, except through the teachers they send out and the raising of their entrance requirements. Yet there is no doubt that in the Middle West, as elsewhere, the bettering of secondary education is a crying need. The Bureau of Education has completed a study of the high schools in the North Central Association, which comprises only those inspected and accredited by the principal collegiate institutions of the region. In these high schools of the better class, the average salary for teachers in Wisconsin was $828; in Nebraska, $752; in Kansas, $797; in Minnesota, $960; in Indiana, $906. In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Nebraska, Ohio, and Wisconsin there was a proportion of one overcrowded room to each school; in Michigan and Minnesota, two. Laboratory equipment was often inadequate, and half the schools reporting had less than 200 volumes in their libraries—75 less than 50. Conditions in the hundreds of unaccredited schools which thousands must attend are far worse. The plain remedy is the expenditure of more money; and Wisconsin, at least, is clearly in no mood for this.

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FIGHTING FOR "THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA."

Germany's great objective in this war has been variously stated. She was fighting for the Triple Alliance; against the Asiatic *Kultur* of Russia; for a place in the sun; for her very existence, and so on. But latterly a new theory has been put forward in many German quarters. It is that the real cause of the war, and the true reason for keeping up the struggle, is the fact that the English navy robs all other nations of "the freedom of the sea." Germany, therefore, is fighting the battle of all maritime and trading countries, as against England, and ought to have their sympathy, if not their active support. In recent weeks this view has been repeatedly urged in Germany, by the press and public men, as it has been by those in this country holding to the German cause.

That there is a confusion of ideas in this reasoning is apparent on simple inspection. It is true that, at the present time, Germany is deprived of the freedom of the sea. Her splendid mercantile fleets are rusting in harbor. The last of her roving cruisers has been destroyed. It is also true that England's sea-power enables her to maintain a blockade of German ports, so that the flags of neutral nations are denied the right to go and come. But all this is an incident of war. If the German navy had been stronger than the British, it would have done the same thing to English shipping that has been done to German. And in that case we should have had Germany robbing others of the freedom of the sea. But she would have had a perfect right to do it in war-time, and as a means of reducing her enemy to submission. War is the great disturber of traffic, and blocks the highways of commerce on the ocean as well as upon the land. Any nation with ships enough and guns enough can shut off a hostile Power from access to the sea. It is a terrible way of applying pressure, no doubt, but it is legitimate under the rules of war. It may be continued as long as the war lasts, but has nothing to do with the question of the freedom of the sea in time of peace.

If one were to write the history of the past forty years, in accordance with this excited German conception of England as the great sea-robber, it would run something as follows: Along about 1880 British statesmen perceived the danger that Germany might acquire a large merchant marine. So they determined to shut her from the sea. They fortified Heligoland as a perpetual menace to Germany. They posted their navy in the North Sea and in the Channel, and threatened to sink every German vessel that showed her prow on those waters. They ordered English shipyards to refuse to build a single ship for Germany. Then they proceeded by every kind of hampering regulation and trade arrangement and political alliance and fiscal policy to keep Germany entirely off the ocean. Hence the baffled and desperate Germans were compelled in 1914 to go to war with England in order to maintain their right to navigate the sea in freedom.

This is burlesque. What are the facts? Everybody knows that Germany's wonderful naval progress has been made without let or hindrance by England. All the seven seas have been absolutely free to the German flag. If German vessels wished to engage in even the coasting trade of Great Britain, they were at entire liberty to do so. English colonies were open to them. They could sail wherever they pleased and buy and sell wherever they cared to do business. German goods were permitted to enter English ports paying lighter customs duties than were imposed upon English goods going to Hamburg or Bremen. Whenever Great Britain made a new market in any remote part of the world, her policy was to throw it open to all on equal terms, Germans included. And the way in which Germany did, in fact, take advantage of the freedom of the sea to build up a great foreign trade, and a magnificent fleet of steamships, is one of the greatest proofs of her skill, resources, and enterprise. Was anybody then forbidding to her a single stretch of salt water? Was not all the ocean before her to sail and trade as she saw fit? It is really preposterous to tell us that Germany was in danger of losing the freedom of the sea. She had it and enjoyed it and profited by it for forty-three years of peace, with no one to molest her or make her afraid. All this was ended, to be sure, when she went to war; but that was her lookout. If she were to make peace to-morrow, the freedom of the sea would be restored to her without the firing of another shot.

What lies in the back of the mind of those who talk now of Germany fighting for the freedom of the sea is really the idea of *mastery* of the sea. That is another thing. That has to do with war. The thing has come as a great shock and an intense bitterness to the great mass of the German people. Despite the warnings of their navy experts and of their responsible statesmen, they had come to think that the warships which they had built at such great sacrifice would somehow be able to make head against England's sea-power, at least to the extent of enabling German commerce to keep the sea. And in the revulsion of feeling caused by the discovery that their country is held in the grip of the English navy, it is not surprising that they have come to think that there has been some kind of plot to drive Germany from the sea altogether. But even in their present excited state of mind they ought to be able to see that what has befallen them is merely a consequence of war. Let peace be restored, and the smoke from the funnels of German merchantmen will again hang over every ocean. If it is in truth the freedom of the sea for which Germany is fighting, the way for her to get it is to stop fighting, and let it be automatically restored to her by peace.

BISMARCK AND GERMANY.

But for the war, Germany would have been a-swarm last week with celebrations of the hundredth anniversary of Bismarck's birth. As it is, the day was widely commemorated, no doubt, though it is understood that many of the public and official plans were cancelled. For this, the war is a sufficient excuse. There must be a lurking suspicion, however, even in German minds, that the present juncture is not one that lends itself happily to hymning the praises of Bismarck. It might provoke unpleasant comparisons. His diplomacy in connection with the three wars which he waged must be rather a bitter memory to those Germans who feel that the diplomatic preparations for the war now raging were shockingly mishandled in Berlin. Even Delbrück admits that Sir Edward Grey completely out-manœuvred the German Foreign Office—this on the German theory that England intended to go to war all the time. To exalt Bismarck's triumphs now would be freshly to remind the German people of the straits to which they have been brought under his successors.

What a full-blooded and many-sided man it was who was born April 1, 1815! Wholly apart from wars and the founding of the German Empire, Bismarck's life is one to fascinate the student of genius. His wit, his sweep of knowledge, his broad outlook on life and human nature, his pithy sayings, the large ease with which his rich nature played with fact and fancy—one traces all this in his own "Recollections," in his speeches, and in the chronicles of his faithful Boswell—Moritz Busch—with ever renewed interest. A whole Bismarck literature has grown up, as it

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could only grow up about a great personality. It was the sense of his abounding vitality, his sustained vigor, his sure-footed way of dealing with the practical questions of statesmanship, that led Tennyson to exclaim in 1885: "O, Lord Bismarck, come and govern us; we will give you a million a year."

Inevitably, however, it is the special relation of Bismarck to contemporary Germany that first leaps into the thoughts of men to-day. On this subject there are two opinions, both defensible by good arguments. There is a school which holds that the position and ambitions of Germany during the past few years—culminating in the war—are the legitimate fruit of Bismarck's policies. Not only is it said that the Kaiser is the inheritor of the Bismarck tradition and its true expounder and executor, but that, if Bismarck had been alive and in power last July, he would have hailed the war as the crowning of his endeavors to make Germany a great Power. It is not denied that he would have made his arrangements more skilfully than did Bethmann-Hollweg and Foreign Minister von Jagow, but his attitude and spirit, it is asserted, would have been the same as theirs. Certainly this much is to be conceded: Bismarck would not have shrunk from the war merely because it meant frightful losses and misery. He, too, thought of war as a fit instrument of national policy. To this extent, Treitschke and Bernhardi may profess to be his spiritual children. Wherein, then, may it be maintained that Bismarck would have differed, in his way of fronting the terrible problems of last July, from the statesmen in control of the German Empire to-day?

The case has been so admirably and fully put by Prof. Monroe Smith, in his article in the *Political Science Quarterly*, to which we have already called attention, that we can scarcely do better than refer the reader back to it once more. Bismarck was a soldier, but he insisted upon political control of the army. In more than one passage in his "Recollections" he pointed out the danger that would threaten Germany if the General Staff were allowed to escape from due subordination to the civilian Government. Yet as we now know from what the German Ambassador said to the Russian Foreign Minister, the decision reached by Berlin was a "purely military judgment." Bismarck in office would never have permitted that. He might have agreed with the military judgment, but he would not have allowed it to be the supreme dictator of German policy.

It is safe to say, in addition, that Bismarck would have had no sympathy with the aspiration of too many Germans to impose their will on Europe. To "organize" Europe has been confidently said to be the high mission of Germany. But put over against this what Bismarck said in a speech to the Reichstag on February 19, 1878: "We are not going the Napoleonic road. We have no purpose to be either the umpire or the schoolmaster of Europe." With Bismarck, it had always to be a case, not of dreamy world-ambitions, but of a definitely proved "interest" of the German people. It was a favorite word with him. He opposed the hasty entanglement of Germany in Oriental adventures, because it could not be shown that she had any "interest" in them—no interest worth as much as "the sound bones of a single Pomeranian musketeer." And it was because, as he declared to the Reichstag, no genuine "interest" separated Germany and England, that he scouted the idea that those two nations could be drawn into war.

In fine, it would be rash to affirm that Bismarck would have prevented this war on any humane scruple. He was an absolutist in government. He was for blood and iron as the tools of German policy. But it is reasonable to assume that he would have been more far-sighted than the Kaiser, and would have insisted upon standing four-square to the whole question of peace or war. Above all, it is certain that he would have resented the assumption of the German General Staff that it was infallible. He would have warned it that all its vast system of information, its ticketing and docketing, could not take due account of the imperceptible but invincible heroisms in the soul of man. And he would have told it that no piling up of espionage, no pigeon-holing of endless reports, could make it really understand the spirit that animated the Belgian people.

ITALY'S ASPIRATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.

Nowhere have we seen the poise of hope and fear in which Italy stands to-day explained so clearly as in the article by Guglielmo Ferrero in the April *Atlantic*. His ample knowledge is evident. His sympathies he makes no effort to dissemble. But it is with something of the detached air of an historian that he places before the reader, first the historic basis of Italian present-day national aspirations, and then the great obstacles to their realization with which the Italian Government finds itself just now confronted. With its decision respecting entrance into the war visibly trembling in the balance, Ferrero's article is one upon which the event may soon be making the most striking comment.

He starts off with Mazzini's statement in 1866 of the grounds of Italy's claims to Istria and the Trentino. They were historic, racial, military. To consent to the acquisition of the Veneto alone, as Italy did in 1866, without the rest, was, in Mazzini's opinion, to "put a seal of shame upon the brow of the nation." It meant betrayal of "your brothers"; perennial agitation; and war "at some time more or less remote, but inevitable." And the point is that, according to Ferrero, Mazzini's burning words in the *Unitá Italiana* were then regarded by the great majority of Italians as expressing the unquestionable truth. Italy must one day get back her ancient possessions. Geography, race, military security made it necessary. It was only a question of how and when. This was the great Italian passion that came to be known as *l'irredentismo*. Forty years ago it burned in most Italian hearts. But to-day, Ferrero assures us, the flame has grown dim and pale. It is his belief that, at present, the weightiest opinion in Italy is against going to war to win Trieste and the Trentino. He is confident that this reluctance will be overcome, and that Italy will soon draw the sword. But his account of the way in which the old national zeal for *Italia irredenta* was cooled in the course of the years, with the consequent piling up of difficulties in front of the Italian Government to-day, lights up the whole actual situation.

It was the Triple Alliance, with the obligations which it imposed upon the Italian authorities, that dulled the spirit exemplified in Mazzini. The Government, once in treaty with Austria and Germany, was bound to set its face against the agitation. Secretly, it might do what it could to keep alive the fire of nationalism in the Italian residents in the coveted provinces, but openly and officially it could do nothing but oppose the propaganda. From the press and from the schools it was excluded, so far as Government influence could exclude it. The result is that a generation has grown up almost insensitive to the former glowing appeals. Particularly is this true of the working classes, infected, for the rest, by Socialism. "Who has spoken to them of Trent and Trieste in the past thirty years? No one. The literature in which the irredentist tradition is kept alive has never reached the lower classes." Around the two provinces "there has reigned for thirty-two

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years, in Italy, a cautious silence, interrupted only now and then by cries of anguish which came across the frontier."

The net effect, as Signor Ferrero sets it forth, is that the Italian Government has had to attempt to regain in a few months the ground lost during a generation. A small party in Italy would have her remain faithful to the Triple Alliance. Larger numbers are in favor of plunging into war, convinced that the hour has come to enlarge and fortify Italian nationality. But "the majority hope and desire that Italy may watch the terrible conflict with folded arms, to the end." It is in order to win over this unconvinced opinion that the Government has been deferring its decision. That it was in a cruel position, both politically and morally, Ferrero admits. It was not hard to maintain that the nature of the war, formally initiated by Germany, did not make a *casus fœderis* for Italy under the Triple Alliance. But that could go no further than an insistence upon neutrality. It could not furnish a decent pretext for casting the weight of Italy actively against her allies. For such a step, some other motive, some plausible justification, must be found; and for it the Italian Government has been plainly feeling about. If the old passionate Irredentism were in full force, that alone might suffice to push the country into war. But it has been much weakened by the lapse of time. Some other propelling impulse has to be sought or awaited. It may be said that Italy is freed from all obligation to the Triple Alliance, because she went into it, and has made great sacrifices for it, on the assurance that it meant an infallible security against war. But now it has shown itself powerless to preserve peace. Therefore, let Italy shift for herself, and fish in the troubled waters. It is contended that, if Austria should be conquered and dismembered without Italy's having stirred to set free the Italian provinces, such vast discontent would be engendered that the Government could not live a day, and perhaps even the dynasty would be endangered. But these fears do not constitute a legitimate *casus belli*. That must be looked for elsewhere, and apparently the Italian Government is anxiously seeking it.

The final decision cannot long be delayed. Accident may precipitate it. At present, the Italian Government is not able to allege any question of life or death. It still has at least to pretend to have a decent respect for the opinion of mankind. And with the just cause of war so hard to find; under the suspicion, as Italy would so surely be, of waiting in the spirit almost of a blackmailer until the hour came to strike a crippled Austria, we can well believe Ferrero when he says that "Italians who love their country . . . do not enjoy quiet slumbers in these times." Many, for other reasons than those he gives, will echo his final wish: "Would that this terrible year of anxiety and of trials might quickly pass; and that to-morrow I might awake in 1916, beyond all the horrors and danger which now weigh on our heads!"

THE REPUBLICAN EXHIBIT AT ALBANY.

With two-thirds majority in both branches of the Legislature, and a Governor who had become enough of a national figure to be widely spoken of as a Presidential possibility for 1916, the Republican party in the State of New York has naturally been the object of unusual interest throughout the country during the past three months. The gentlemen in the Senate and the Assembly who have been carrying out Senator Brown's programme of restoring "the comfortable administration of State affairs which existed before Gov. Dix was inducted into office four years ago" have doubtless been so preoccupied with this absorbing task that they have had no time to think of the effect which their doings were likely to have upon the future of their party, either in the State or in the nation. What kind of impression they have been making as stewards of the public welfare here at home, the tone of the whole press of New York city sufficiently shows. But the effect upon the prospects of the party in the national contest of next year is also worth thinking about.

The expectation of Republican victory in 1916 is built upon two things: the first is dissatisfaction over "hard times," the second is the return of the Progressive vote to the Republican fold. How the hard-times plea will stand eighteen months from now, nobody knows; but everybody realizes the possible return, and nearly everybody hopes for the actual return, of a high degree of general prosperity before that time. In any case, neither Gov. Whitman nor the Legislature can exercise any influence over that matter. But they may exercise—we believe they have been exercising—a very great influence over the second element in the case. Whatever else may be said of the Progressives, it is at least certain that they are not hidebound Republicans. The independent vote is always an important factor in a Presidential election; in the present instance, there is added to that vote a great body of citizens who had become thoroughly detached from their political affiliations, and came, for a time at least, to look upon their old party as not only no better, but far worse, than its opponent.

In this situation, there happened to arise, in the greatest State of the Union, a conjuncture of extraordinary character. The Democrats had been in control for four years. In the first half of this period, the Governor had made a failure of his Administration. In the second half, there had been an exhibition of about as unfortunate a character s can be imagined. Sulzer's performances and Tammany's impeachment of him combined to produce an impression which opened the way to the Republican landslide of last autumn; and Whitman entered upon the Governorship with a national reputation for courage and energy, acquired during his service as District Attorney. What an opportunity for showing the superiority of the Republican party! What a chance to let the people of the country know that the hue and cry about Barnes, and "reaction," and so forth, was slanderous; to show that the Republican party, after a period of wholesome chastening, could be counted on to use its power for the promotion of sound government and of the general welfare!

What has happened, however, is the opposite of all this. There has not been even the pretence of high purpose. In form and substance alike, the proceedings at the Capitol have been of the most unedifying character. Such a shower of "ripper" bills as have formed the chief centre of interest at Albany we do not remember ever to have known. Alongside these have been bills to undo, or seriously to modify, labor legislation only recently passed, without any serious attempt to justify such action. As for economy, we have had not only the fiasco of Gov. Whitman's spook-like $18,000,000 deficit, but also his veto of the Garbage Disposal bill, with the consequent frustration of a carefully devised scheme for saving the people of this city millions of dollars of unnecessary expenditure; while, on the other hand, he has signed the spoils Census bill, in spite of the vicious features which he has himself acknowledged it contains. Against these and other bad points in the legislative record, little if anything can be put forward in the way of beneficial achievement. And now, after three months of time nearly all wasted, and nearly all the rest applied to bad or ques-

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tionable use, we find the Republican leaders forcing a régime of gag rule upon the Legislature, on the plea, forsooth, that it is "absolutely essential to the orderly conduct of business and the speedy termination of the session."

That this whole exhibit will tend powerfully to discredit the Republican party of New York State, and through it the Republican party of the nation, there can be no doubt. For this it will not be necessary to prove to the hilt that the change in the Workmen's Compensation act or in the laws affecting canneries was made in redemption of an ante-election compact with "the interests." The charge that the Republican party at Albany has been "reactionary," in one of those senses in which that much-abused word is truly a term of reproach, rests upon no such narrow foundation. A party which, with one of the rarest of opportunities before it, is not ashamed to devote itself almost exclusively to office-grabbing, and, when not engaged in that occupation, to show a constant hostility to the desires of the non-partisan city government of New York, is reactionary in a way that is offensive to the enlightened citizenship of the country. That citizenship, all of it, is progressive enough to object to a return to those ideas of the function of parties which were dominant when Platt and Quay held the same kind of sway in State governments that Murphy did in that of this city. The ignoring of public sentiment, as well as of sound legislative methods, in regard to labor matters, is but part of a larger spectacle of a truly Bourbon return, all along the line, to the "comfortable" ways of old-fashioned spoils politics. When the nation comes to take its quadrennial account of political stock, all this will play a big part in the reckoning.

PROGRESS THROUGH THE WILL.

Nietzsche, or else Schopenhauer, is responsible for the immense vogue of the Will. The will to victory, the will to survive, the will to deeds, as the Pan-Germanist advocates are fond of putting it, began perhaps by being a phrase. It has become certainly an attitude, and possibly a philosophy. Treitschke, Nietzsche, Bernhardi, and Gen. Hindenburg are only the best known names in a long list of votaries. Though the Will dogma has had its greatest vogue in Germany it has vastly outgrown the bounds of that country. It is the underlying principle of radical theory and agitation on two continents. Up to the last decade of the nineteenth century, we were still under the influence of Reason, born in the age before the French Revolution and nurtured by the scientists and positivists of the Darwinian era. During the last twenty-five years, Reason has had a very hard time of it. It has not been merely dethroned, it has been rejected as a parasite on the body of Life as Will. That same Reason with which the eighteenth century achieved a Revolution is distrusted by the present-day revolutionist temperament as a pale, hesitating, doubting, paralyzing state of consciousness. Because it hesitates and weighs and searches, it has become a force for reaction. Against the orderly, cautious processes of the Reason, the evolutionary temper has set up the Will of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, the "life force" of Bergson, that elemental "drive" which does not bother to know where it is going if only it is on its way. In art, as in social movement, the principle holds. Mr. John Palmer, writing in the *Fortnightly*, sums up the position:

> Not reason and not the Categories determine or create; but Passion and the Will. Mr. Shaw has always insisted that Reason is no motive power; that the true motive power in the world is Will; that the setting up of Reason above Will is a "damnable error." Life is the satisfaction of a power in us of which we can give no rational account whatever.

You find this principle repeated a thousand times, from the authors of books on Shaw to the youngest writer in the *Forum*. It is in the new sociology, in the new art, in the new literature. It appears in the fondness of young poets for addressing Pan. It is supposed to underlie the art of Isadora Duncan. It underlies the new education. Wherever there is Ferment there is Will.

It is difficult for the average man, bred in the older tradition of rationalism, to think in the new forms. The word "think" expresses the difficulty, since one must not think in the new forms, but feel or will. Under Reason it is impossible to say in the same breath "yes" and "no." But it is precisely the merit of Will that it can assert at the same time yes and no, black and white, absolutism and democracy, discipline and unchecked freedom. Only because Life is asserted to be Will is it possible for a journal of radical thought to be, say, at the same time, for militarism and for the widest kind of industrial democracy and justice; militarism which regards the individual as cannon fodder, and democracy which regards him as an end in himself. Only because Will is exempt from the rules of logic is it possible for the radical temperament to argue in the same breath for the socialization, which means the institutionalization, of industry and the destruction of institutionalism in morals, marriage, education, literature, and the arts; and this from men whose creed it is that social institutions are based on the prevalent economic system. An economic society on the model of Sparta is to produce the individual efflorescence developed by the rowdy anarchists of Athens. Only because Shaw, as Mr. Palmer sees him, believes in the primacy of the Will, can Shaw—or his disciples—look forward to the substitution of vast state nurseries for the family, from which there shall emerge a race of untrammelled, spontaneous individuals. The home crushes the individuality of the child, the orphan asylum is obviously the ideal nursery for the free soul of the child.

Still under the influence of the obsolete forms of Reason, one is impelled to refer to a factor of social progress upon which the radical thought of the day lays particular stress; and rightly. We refer to the question of the falling birth-rate. The artificial restriction of population, practiced in every advanced country, has been described as the most potent weapon by which the masses can raise themselves from their condition of helplessness. The smaller family, by sparing the mother, by insuring greater care to the children, above all by checking the surplus of the labor market, automatically increases the poor man's capacity in the battle for his share of the goods of life. It does not matter that a low birth-rate does not go well with the militaristic ideal, which must have plenty of cheap cannon-food—a question on which Mr. Roosevelt is much more consistent than the ultra-radicals. Concede that the regulation of the birth-rate will do everything for the proletarian masses that its advocates assert; and more. Yet if the world is indeed to be rebuilt by this method, the question at once suggests itself whether it is Will or Reason that will bring about the beneficent change. For here we have the two factors opposed in their elemental form. Will, in its simplest expression, as the Life Force seeking to perpetuate itself, is to be held in check by Reason expressed in terms of common prudence regarding the cost of shoes, pure milk, and a home with a bath-tub in it. To the extent that the French people have subdued the Life Force and attained a stationary population and a higher level of average comfort than any other nation, is it the Will or the Idea that has operated?

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Chronicle of the War

The past two weeks have been marked by a resumption of activity on various parts of the western front. These skirmishes, as we must call them in this war, although in point of numbers engaged and numbers lost in any other war they would have ranked as first-class battles, must be considered as preliminary operations designed to feel out the strength and effectiveness of the enemy and also as attempts to gain certain points of vantage in preparation for the general offensive which is supposed to be coming next month. In speaking of this expected offensive it seems to be generally assumed that the prerogative of attack will belong to the Allies. Unless the strength of the German forces in France and Flanders has been greatly overestimated that is likely to prove a misconception. It is not to be expected that the General Staff of the German army will willingly at this time depart from its traditional tactics and surrender the advantage that in military textbooks is said to lie with the attacking force. Offensive operations will doubtless be undertaken at different points in the line by both sides. That the Germans as well as the Allies contemplate offensive movements is indicated by the fact that the "feeling out" operations have not been confined to one side. If the Allies have launched attacks at Neuve la Chapelle, in the Champagne, and in the Vosges, the Germans have been equally active in Flanders and in the region of Verdun.

The official report from Berlin on Monday recorded the occupation of the village of Drei Grachten, on the western bank of the Yser Canal, south of Dixmude, and subsequent efforts of the Belgians to retake the position were unsuccessful. This is the first time since early in the winter that the Germans have been able to gain a position on the western bank of the canal, and the advance may have some importance in that, if the Belgian position here should be seriously menaced, it might become necessary to defend it by opening the sluices and flooding the country. Such a measure would oppose a barrier to German advance, but equally it would offer an impediment to subsequent advance on the part of the allied troops in this territory. Similar activity on the part of the Germans has been displayed in the salient of their line at St. Mihiel, although it has not broken the deadlock that has existed there for the past four months.

On the side of the Allies the most notable advances of the past two weeks have been made in the Vosges and the Champagne. The capture of Hartmanns-Weilerkopf, a peak of the Vosges mountains a few miles north of Thann, was announced on March 27, and the offensive movement in the Champagne, particularly in the Hurlus district, which began towards the end of February, has continued steadily. All reports tend to confirm the assertions, frequently made of late, that the Allies have established a marked superiority over the Germans in artillery. The French army bulletin of April 5, according to cabled dispatches, made the first semi-official reference to the new French powder, concerning which rumors have been current since the end of last year. The bulletin declares that the new explosive doubles the effect of the shells of 3-inch guns. The effect of the French artillery fire has been repeatedly noted in recent accounts of the offensive movements of the Allies. The infantry attack is preceded by a terrific bombardment of the enemy's trenches, and on several occasions we have read that when the infantry finally advanced no opposition was encountered, the trenches being destroyed and the enemy's troops annihilated.

In the eastern theatre of war the Russians appear to have undertaken a general offensive along the entire line from North Poland to the border of Bukowina. The siege of Ossowiec was definitely raised last week, and the German official report on Monday told of a repulse of the Russians at Mariampol, which is considerably further west than territory occupied by the Russians a few days ago. In the Carpathians the Russians appear to have established their command of the Lupkow pass, for we read of fighting south of it in the Laborcza valley, and they record the capture of Cisna, an important station on the Galician side of the Carpathians between Lupkow and Uzsok passes.

Foreign Correspondence

HORSE-RACING AND WAR—HANDMAIDENS OF ATHENE—TWO PROFESSORS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, March 26.

For some weeks past a very characteristic controversy has been going on in the columns of the *Times* on the general question of horse-racing, with especial reference to the Derby and Ascot meetings. The opinions expressed have been so various, and the men who have taken part in it represent so many different classes and callings, that a condensation of the correspondence would really be an epitome of British feeling at this time of stress. In favor of holding race meetings are such men as Lord Rosebery, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Crewe, Lord Derby, and Lord Lonsdale; more or less against it are the Dukes of Portland and Rutland, Lord Dunraven, the late Lord Roberts (as reported by his daughter), Lord Heneage, and Lord Curzon. Families are divided on the question; Lord Durham and one of his brothers are pro, his twin brother, the Hon. F. W. Lambton, is con. While the weight of authority is thus pretty equally divided, the protestants among the letter writers are more numerous than the partisans. The objections brought forward against the continuance of horse-racing at present are so obvious as hardly to require statement: the unsuitableness of junketing of this kind in a time of so much danger and distress; the risk of shrouding the seriousness of our position and of diverting energy from the furtherance of our one necessary work; a feeling of consideration for our allies, who seem just now to have little heart for this kind of amusement. The chief argument in favor of racing is the necessity of refraining from any action that will interfere with the breeding of good horses. A layman finds it difficult to understand why the dire results alleged should come merely from the suspension of one year's racing; and he is strengthened in this doubt by the fact that the owners of racehorses themselves hold diverging views of the matter. Another objection is the economic one that trainers will be ruined and jockeys thrown out of work. Here again the layman is tempted to think that the danger is exaggerated, that in any case the trainers have many fellow-sufferers, and that the horse-boys and jockeys, if too small for soldiers, could surely be made useful in the remount department of the army.

The difference between the demeanor of Paris and of London at this moment, on which many American visitors have commented, does not altogether mean that the Briton takes the war less seriously than the Frenchman. To a large extent it means that the Briton has a dogged dislike of being compelled to change his habits by a force acting from without; and this is, perhaps, coupled with a certain obtuseness as to the claims of taste and delicacy of feeling. It would, however, be, in my opinion, a mistake to think that the British soldier would resent in any way the cry of "pleasure as usual" for his friends at home. A good deal of sentiment clusters round the Derby in particular. This classic race was run in 1815, just ten days before the battle of Waterloo. The winner of the Derby was mentioned in General Orders during the Crimean War, and the victory of the Prince of Wales's horse, Diamond Jubilee, in 1900, was announced to our forces in South Africa by heliograph and mounted messenger.

This clinging to sports of all kinds at so critical a time is on all fours with the irresistible impulse to look on the humorous side of everything, which must, I should imagine, be much more easily understood in America than it can possibly be in Germany. A study of the savage cartoons of *Kladderdatsch*, as compared with the milder humors of *Punch*, is enough to convince the beholder of the extraordinary difference that exists in this field between the German and the Englishman. There is surely a great deal of good-natured tolerance in *Punch's* famous drawing of "Their Morning Hate"; but could the Germans see anything but bad manners and stupid insensibility in the laughter that overcame the members of the choral class at the Royal College of Music, when they tried to respond to Sir Walter Parratt's request to sing the "Hymn of Hate," with "plenty of snarl"? Suffice it to say that the Germans will make a bad mistake if they think that this light-hearted "levity" connotes any lack of serious purpose or determined endeavor. The officer, back in London for a few days' leave, usually spends it (after one long slumber) in a round of theatres, dinners, and other festivities; but this does not mean that he is likely to be any the less vigilant or enduring on his return to the trenches. By the way, this custom of the "week-end holiday" for our soldiers in Flanders is another thing that the Germans find hard to understand. Some German officers, on their way to England as prisoners, were quite scandalized to find that nearly all their fellow-passengers in khaki were neither wounded nor invalided, but merely coming home for a short vacation. "This," they exclaimed, "is an insult to the German army!"

Among the minor—the very minor—innovations consequent upon the war is one that rather appeals to our sense of humor. The Athenæum Club has so long been synonymous with all that is most rigid and conventional in club-life that it gives us an electric shock to find it acting as a pioneer in the important matter of service. But so it is! So many of its male staff have gone to the front that the bishops and other

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learned members, who elect to take their tea on the drawing-room floor, have now to accept their cups and their thin bread-and-butter from neat-handed parlor maids, instead of lackeys.

The question as to whether Prof. Kuno Meyer belongs to the honorable or the dishonorable class of our enemies is one that the professor himself decides with emphasis in his own favor, but it is doubtful how far he will carry impartial judges with him in this decision. In a letter to the *Times* apropos of the University of Liverpool's condemnation of his conduct, he pleads that his action was one of simple loyalty to his native country, and that he had, perforce, to follow the higher of two conflicting sentiments. He fails to see, however, that his acceptance of a professorship in a British university was tantamount to an assurance that he would not play the part of a foreign spy, and that loyalty to one's native country does not necessarily involve the preaching of sedition while enjoying the confidence and hospitality of another land. For the proper solution of this question, it would be enough for an American or British scholar to ask himself whether, if he held a teaching post in a German university, he would be justified in using his vacations to carry on a separation propaganda in Alsace. Personally, I should be content to leave judgment to Mr. Meyer's namesake, Professor Kuno Francke, of Harvard, whose sane and manly answer to Mr. Bartholdt's insidious invitation has excited considerable sympathy and admiration among those Englishmen who follow domestic American politics with any interest. Here, at least, is an enemy whom we can respect.

WILL ITALY ENTER THE WAR?—REASONS FOR CAUTION AND GRIEVANCES AGAINST GERMANY.

ROME, March 16.

The two notable events of the past month—the defeat of the Russians in Eastern Prussia and the expedition of the Allies against the Dardanelles—have exercised a marked influence upon public opinion in Italy with regard to intervention. The Russian defeat has caused great disappointment, and has led many who were disposed to see Italy enter the European conflict at an early date to question whether she ought to make war against Austria until it becomes certain that Germany is sufficiently occupied elsewhere to make it impossible for her, with her remarkable network of railways, to withdraw army corps from the Russian frontier and throw them, in conjunction with an Austrian army, against Milan, where forty thousand Germans are domiciled in business—as spies. Italian armaments are now in a state of efficiency, and the nation has faith in the organization and fighting qualities of its troops; but Italy's geographical position is such that she must meet alone the Austro-German attack upon her open frontier. It might be difficult for her, after entry into the conflict, to keep a German army out of Lombardy, if Russia were to weaken further. And it certainly would not be an advantage for the Allies to have northern Italy transformed into a second Belgium.

On the other hand, the fall of Constantinople, foreshadowed by the attack of the Allies against the Dardanelles, will mean the redelimitation of frontiers on the eastern Mediterranean, where Italian interests are large, and where Italian ambitions are keen. Before the prospect of an imminent division among the Allies of the territorial spoils of the Ottoman Empire, it is difficult to see how Italy can remain inactive for a much longer period. Her immediate interest in the coloring of the new map of Europe is no longer confined to the basin of the Adriatic, but must now embrace that of the eastern Mediterranean. In a geographical game of this magnitude the Trentino, and even Trieste, are seen to be too small a compensation from Austria and Germany in payment for a permanent neutrality that would entail not only the future ill-will of the Allies, but also the exclusion of Italy as a Power from the Levant. It has become clear that Germany's action in forcing Turkey into the European conflict has made it inevitable that her ex-ally should enter the field against her, and a great number even of those Italians who were pledged to permanent neutrality-at-any-price have now reluctantly resigned themselves to intervention, in view of the advance of the Allies against the Dardanelles.

The result, then, of recent European events has been to unify opinion in Italy. There is less pressure for immediate action. There is very much less pressure for permanent neutrality. And there is a growing feeling that any day, any hour, may bring the inevitable call to arms—to large personal sacrifice for the country's future—to the old battle-cry of "Forwarrrd, Savoy!" The petty intrigues of parliamentary groups have been quashed, and there is no question but that the country will respond to the call as one man.

Negotiations are still going on with Germany, nevertheless, for the Austrian cession of the Trentino to Italy. Even Vatican emissaries are said to be bringing pressure to bear upon the old Emperor Francis Joseph to this end. And it may be said that Bülow is rendering a considerable service to the Italian Government by keeping this diplomatic hope alive, for without it the country might get altogether out of hand and force an action prematurely. As I have said, Italy should not enter the conflict until the psychological moment arrives. Furthermore, the delay of each month means a saving to the not too opulent Italian Treasury of 600,000,000 francs. The cession of the Trentino is in reality an absurdity, but the negotiations serve to gain time. The absurdity is evident if one understands that, if the Italian Government were to announce the acceptance of the Trentino and a consequent pledge to permanent neutrality, there would be an immediate attempt at internal revolution in Italy. Furthermore, any cession of territory would have to be confirmed later by the Allies.

But the Italian Government has no intention of accepting gifts from Austria and Germany. It intends to take what is legitimately its own, without thanks or obligations. Future compacts with Germany have become impossible. A chasm between German civilization and that of Italy has been revealed by the brutality of Germany's course in Belgium, and by the utter want of all sense of international morality shown by Germany in the past eight months. The renewal of the Triple Alliance was for Italy an anomaly in 1912; even then it was a violation of the national conscience. But for the future, community of interest and harmony of action for the two countries, fettered or unfettered by an alliance, has become impossible. In 1911 von Jagow, the present German Minister of Foreign Affairs, was Ambassador to Italy. He foresaw the Italian expedition to Tripolitania, and informed his Government of it in advance. He prided himself greatly upon this, and told a colleague, a *chef de mission* of a now neutral Power, who is still accredited to Rome, that his only error was in foretelling that a revolution in Italy would, within three months, follow the Italian expedition to Tripolitania—a trifling error, to be sure! The Berlin authorities, following his prediction of revolution in Italy, instructed Marschall, German Ambassador to Constantinople, to urge Turkey to prolong her resistance in Tripolitania, as Italy would be in the throes of anarchy within three months. This treacherous service rendered to Italy by her German ally in 1911 has not been forgotten. And it is known that, so far as is possible, similar service is rendered by Germany to the rebellious Arabs in Italy's African provinces to-day.

The Italian character enables the injured party to bear such wrongs in silence, but the treachery, of which this is but one example, will be avenged. Furthermore, the alliance of Germany with Italy's recent enemy, Turkey, and with her old oppressor and enemy of more than a century's standing, Austria, makes the settlement of united accounts less distasteful. Italy will enter the war to obtain just reparation of wrongs, and to satisfy legitimate national ambition. X.

THE MOULIN ROUGE—SOME MEMORIES OF ITS PREDECESSORS AND OF OLD BOHEMIA IN PARIS.

PARIS, March 13.

Last week, what was left of the famous Moulin Rouge went up in fire. The entrance alone remains, with its imitation windmill arms ready to revolve and its lights to paint Montmartre red. In truth, this gateway is all that has remained from the original razzle-dazzle for many years back.

The name had a commercial value and was applied to successive enterprises after the reality failed—to a restaurant-theatre, to a rather ordinary café chantant, and again latterly to a sort of variety show in a dance hall. Confiding foreigners, athirst for the gayeties of Paris, were still attracted by the name—and for the most part never knew the difference. But the real, the original, the unique Moulin Rouge, of which, as Sarcey said of the Paris Boulevard, African monarchs dreamed, died a natural death shortly after the World's Fair of 1900; and it was begun for the World's Fair of 1889. In human history, twenty-five years is counted to a generation; half that exhausts a Paris world-amusement.

The Moulin Rouge quickly entered into the series of symbols and myths which a few facts have contributed to the world-wide legend that Paris is either a modern Babylon or a City of Light—as you take it. Such facts were the Grande Chaumière which Freemasons of the Revolution opened in the property of the suppressed Carthusian monks; the idyllic Closerie des Lilas of Paul de Kock and Balzac; and the Jardin Mabille of the Second Empire, not to speak of the Camp des Tartares at the Palais Royal, which virtuous King Louis Philippe abolished along with the 126 gaming tables—for which see "Pelham" of contemporary Bulwer. No doubt all these were neither according to Leviticus nor Luke. But, as the poet Longfellow mildly suspected of the devil, they may have been

—for some good
By us not understood.

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They are likely to reappear in the sure revolutions of Paris, just as the Jones's Wood of fifty years ago must have often cropped up under other names in New York.

When the Moulin Rouge first threw its rutilant glare over Montmartre, it was a clear example of Lamarck's law of evolution—the need creates the organ. After the siege of 1870 and the destroying Commune, Paris tried in vain to take up again the old life of pleasure which centred in a capital with a court. The Jardin Mabille lingered on; but the Duc de Morny, whose back garden opened on it from the Champs Elysées, was gone. Rigolboche, who danced the cancan, withdrew to Monte Carlo, where she kept till lately a frequented table d'hôte. The world-famous Jardin, at which Thackeray opened his mouth in delight, was closed; the zinc palms at the entrance were carted away; and for a time Americans had ambiguous answers to their demand to see the "Ma-beel." Then, for the fair-weather season, in 1886, something like it was begun again, under the name of Jardin de Paris, beneath the lamplit trees of the Champs Elysées. For nightly all-the-year fare there was still nothing.

Oller, a Canary Islander who had given Paris a swimming pool and invented for the races the "paris mutuels" (which is not the same word as Paris) only to be relieved of the scheme by Government, put his head together with "Papa" Zeidler, an Alsatian notorious for managing shows. Between them they evolved the Moulin Rouge and its splendors, multicolored and human; and they eclipsed the Exposition, which was celebrating the centenary of the Revolution.

It was a mixture of café chantant, dance hall, and pleasure garden, with numerous and unexpected side-shows—each cheap enough, but together sending up the expense of an evening's exploration to the level of grand opera. The great attraction was not the curious feminine tribe—not worldly, not under-worldly, but just half-world—which might have been matched elsewhere. It was the *chahut*—a new dance, inartistic and unrhythmical, grotesque and acrobatic, demoniacal and set to discordant music. This, for a few years, drew the unanchored masculine population of Paris and all foreign visiting men—and women when they dared—to precincts whose name was breathed with winking or averted eyes. It was said that some dislocation of bones was a necessary training for its performers. It ranged from the "grand écart," which was distressing to see, to the "port d'armes," which was considerably more than high kicking. I do not know who should have the credit of this innovation in art. It has not survived the Moulin Rouge.

A mature woman—Nini Patte-en-l'air—headed the first quadrilles; but she soon went off on lucrative tours in other European cities anxious to ape Paris just as the Court towns of the eighteenth century imitated Versailles. One of her chief aids—La Goulue—remained; but she, too, ended by marrying a lion-tamer and exploiting her Moulin Rouge fame in wandering fairs. When funds lowered, the aged lion was sure to bite some part of La Goulue's anatomy, and the newspaper reports advertised her all over again. She entered into art by another door.

A painter, decadent in mind and suffering in body, of noble family, who had assimilated Japanese art more perhaps than any other Western designer, made a poster for the Moulin Rouge. I do not think the poster, which then threatened to enter fine art, ever rose higher. It represented La Goulue, lumpy in person, tow-haired, sublime in contortion, with her vis-à-vis—Valentine the Boneless. He was no common dancer. The son of a Parisian notary, he had received full Latin-Quarter education at a time when the name of the Quarter meant Latin and had not been confiscated by Latinless art students. It left him an incurable Bohemian—a word whose sense has also been distorted beyond recognition. With clean-shaven, motionless face, high hat aslant yet never displaced in any gyrations, black frock coat with long skirts, and the white linen of the liberal professions—looking like an undertaker, the Moulin Rouge girls said—he executed unsmilingly the epileptic capers of this new-art quadrille.

The poster had an immense success; and copies are still treasured in private collections. The perspective of the figures, if you can call it so, dates from Degas perhaps, but it appropriates Japanese methods. The artist—Toulouse-Lautrec—will, maybe, keep alive the memory of the Moulin Rouge in the history of art.

It was a time when foreigners persisted in looking in France for something to appease their appetite for something new. George Moore had already discovered Degas, whom he put near, if not above, Michael Angelo; and he, too, came looking wistfully round the Moulin Rouge. There he discovered La Mélinite, who danced alone with inventiveness rarely equalled. She must have improvised her dances on the spot, as the music led her on; and her dances were not epileptical, but rhythmic and very odd. Cinemas were not yet, and no record is left of her "goose-step." Tanagra would have immortalized her, though she was not statuette-like nor pretty, but long-limbed and pliant to her whim, with the features of an uncanny sprite. When her dancing days were over, she earned a living by little decorative paintings that showed she had the spirit of art.

Ibsen, too, has passed since that time, with the primitive Maeterlinck, and George Moore is a back number. To go back on those days, on the riot of Symbolist poets and indépendants in art and innovators generally—all labelled abroad décadents, which is another word without settled meaning—is like opening a window on some long-past age. It is hard to say how little is left of it in Paris today. As the reputation of Paris, however, will be built up on its legends for a long time to come, the Moulin Rouge should have its part. Many men will have as many minds about the necessity or utility or frank acceptance of such facts, but all their censoriousness will never change them.

> Let the long contention cease!
> Geese are swans and swans are geese.

Two spontaneous impressions of very native Americans are worth recording. A clergyman, who has since become prominent in one of our Eastern cities, was forced by his brother to see the world he was to preach against—at the Moulin Rouge. His after-remark was, "It did not shock me as much as the ballet at the Grand Opera"—which was more in the line of his prospective congregations.

Another American, fresh from college, and quite sure he was a complete man of the world, stood listening to the shrill, breathless music accompanying the devilry of the *chahut*. At irregular intervals it crashed into harsh discord, and the frantic dancers stamped or sprawled to the floor with respondent cries. The young American waited his turn. Once again the instruments crashed, and his wild whoop—red Indian or college football—rose triumphant to the timber roof. The orchestra stood up and craned over their little stand half-way up the wall. The dancers were on their feet, and not on the floor, staring and listening. The American lost himself to observation in the crowd, realizing that he had not been in tune. As he had letters, he felt, with Whittier,

> Like some damned heretic that shrieks from hell.

Safely out, he vented his reprobation, "To enjoy that, a man ought to be half drunk!"—which is certainly not the Continental mind, for that likes a clear head for a night off, to know what it is pretending to enjoy. And our native-born American added: "Chicago has much worse than that!"

The fair mind, by way of epitaph for all this dead gayety, will note that it did not last—even in Paris, with all its foreign visitors, intent on practicing the unmentionable. So poor humdrum stuff it all is! And, also, all this supposed life of Paris by night has not unfitted Parisians nor Frenchmen for present duty.

> In an age of fops and toys,
> Wanting wisdom, void of right,
> Who shall nerve heroic boys
> To hazard all in Freedom's fight—
> Break sharply off their jolly games,
> Forsake their comrades gay,
> And quit proud homes and youthful dames,
> For famine, toil, and fray?

Well, they have done it—and just now the most poignant regret of the Moulin Rouge is its burned workroom that kept from starving the girls they left behind them. S. D.

Poetry

Belgium

Heart-struck she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze;
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen, by every royal token,
There, where the storm of desolation swirled;
Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and broken—
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendor,
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways;
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.

MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

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Dostoevski

By G. R. NOYES.

Fedor Dostoevski* was born in 1821 and died in 1881, so that he was an exact contemporary of George Eliot (1820-81). During his lifetime none of his writings seem to have been translated into English; of the half-dozen books that were translated in the thirteen years following his death, only his masterpiece, "Crime and Punishment," won sufficient popular success to remain in print. Dostoevski's power was recognized by a few critics and persons of literary tastes, but he was almost unknown to the general public. Recently there has been a great increase of interest in him, and writers who speak with real knowledge of their topic have termed Dostoevski one of the two great masters of Russian literature, far superior to Turgenev, and, to quote directly from Mr. Baring, "a unique product, a more startling revelation and embodiment of genius, a greater elemental force, than Tolstoy or any other Russian writer of fiction."

This superlative praise has had at least one excellent result, if we may regard it as the impulse to the new translation of Dostoevski by Mrs. Garnett. Mrs. Garnett's skill both in Russian and in English has steadily increased, and no versions from the Russian deserve more unstinted commendation than her rendering of Dostoevski: one may say that the author loses nothing essential in her translation. The numbers of Everyman's Library that include writings not yet translated by her are unfortunately of inferior workmanship. The volume of Dostoevski's letters is welcome in that it allows English readers to derive a direct impression of his personality. But one regrets that Miss Mayne has translated at second-hand, from German and French; in this respect her book is a reversion to the methods of a time that one fancied had passed forever.

I.

English enthusiasm for Dostoevski is in no small degree merely a reflection of his increased popularity in his own country. In Russia his present fame may partly be accounted for by transitory, accidental circumstances. Dostoevski alone of the great Russian writers since the time of Gogol was an ardent Russian patriot and a devoted admirer of the Russian State Church. His peculiar blend of chauvinism with mystical religiosity has appealed to the imagination of Russians like Merezhkovski, who believe that their country has a mysterious national destiny, as the successor of Rome and Byzantium, and who look upon the differing cosmopolitanisms of Turgenev and Tolstoy as each a proof of indifference to the national cause. Dostoevski is the greatest literary figure of the Slavophile movement, which, particularly in these last years, as a reaction from the revolutionary period of 1905-7, has become a really potent force in Russian life, and is in part responsible for Russia's share in the present war.

Again, Dostoevski is vague, cloudy, suggestive, symbolic, in contrast to the crystal simplicity of Turgenev, the apparent commonplaceness of Tolstoy's fiction, and the Biblical directness of Tolstoy's religious writings. He thus has something in common with modern Russian writers as different as Morezhkovski and Andreev. His grewsomeness, his emphasis on suffering, horror, crime, and cruelty, are once more features in which he anticipated contemporary writers.

These factors, however potent in Russia, certainly can have had small effect in accomplishing Dostoevski's fame abroad. What, then, are the great qualities that Dostoevski's English admirers find in him? One above all others: he is, they allege, the most truly national Russian writer, and his very nationality makes him a world writer; he reveals to the world the mysterious Russian soul, while Turgenev and Tolstoy, confining themselves to externals, show us a society that is not essentially different from our own. Now one must cheerfully admit that the men and women whom one meets in "The Brothers Karamazov" are much more unlike our personal acquaintances than are the heroes and heroines of "Fathers and Children" or "Anna Karenin"; but to jump from this to the conclusion that they are therefore more representative of the Russian nation is to reason in a somewhat girlish fashion.

Of the three greatest Russian novelists of the mid-nineteenth century, Dostoevski was by the external circumstances of his life the least representative of the Russian people as a whole. Russia was in his day (and so it remains, with slight modification) a country of peasants and landed proprietors; in 1897 the urban classes numbered only 13 per cent. of the population. Dostoevski, however, was a child of the city; born in Moscow, he spent a comparatively small portion of his life in the country. City life dominates his books. Not one of the prominent characters in his novels is a peasant, or even of peasant origin; nearly all of them, like the author himself, belong to the minor nobility. Dostoevski did, however, have one chance to become intimately acquainted with the plain people of his country; he spent more than three years in a Siberian prison as a "political," along with murderers and ruffians of all sorts. When released, he proudly proclaimed: "I have learned to know the Russian people as only a few know them. I am a little vain of it. I hope that such vanity is pardonable." One may question whether his education was not marked by undue specialization.

When discharged from prison, Dostoevski spent five years in the army before, in 1859, he was allowed to return to Russia. He promptly resumed his trade of writer, and was henceforth dependent on his pen for support. Unpractical in his habits, at times a gambler, he suffered from chronic poverty until the last years of his life. It was his habit to receive an advance from a periodical for a novel as yet unwritten, and then work feverishly to discharge the debt. He solicited money from a new periodical, the *Zarya*, while still under obligations to the *Russki Viestnik*. Except perhaps during his closing years, he seems never to have been in free, wholesome relations with his fellow-men. Though he had warm friends, his personality was unattractive to most men and women. His life, like his works, was unhealthy and abnormal.

A man of preëminently literary temperament, Dostoevski read widely from his youth up in imaginative literature; his letters are full of enthusiasm for such heterogeneous authors as Homer, Racine, Corneille, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Sterne, Shakespeare, Scott, Dickens, Schiller, Goethe, Hoffmann, George Sand, not to mention the writers of his native country. Of Kant and Hegel he knew something, though he does not seem to have been strongly influenced by them. In science, despite his attendance at a school of engineering, he apparently had no interest; scientific materialism and the socialism with which it was associated in Russia he hated with his whole soul. Though exiled for membership in a socialistic circle, even in his youth he seems to have condemned socialistic speculation as idle dreaming. His momentary opposition to the Government was mere indignation against administrative abuses, from which he fully recovered during his period of Siberian exile. His thought in his later years was dominated by a blind, unreasoning, patriotic enthusiasm for Russia and everything connected with it; for the Slavophile trinity, autocracy, orthodoxy, and nationality. His very religion was founded on patriotism; he apparently believed in God and the Saviour because the Russian people believed in them. While still in Siberia he rarely went to church, and could not endure priests. In his later years the Russian Church appeared to him surrounded with a halo of sanctity; it was destined to reveal a new religion to humanity. Everything that came from the West he despised, Catholicism as well as skepticism. The Liberals as well as the Socialists deserved the knout. Practical, utilitarian knowledge might be borrowed from the West, but the Russian soul must be preserved from contamination. Unlike Turgenev and Tolstoy, Dostoevski had

**The Novels of Fyodor Dostoevsky.* Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1912.—Vols. I-IV: "The Brothers Karamazov," "The Idiot," "The Possessed," "Crime and Punishment."

Letters of Fyodor Michailovitch Dostoevsky. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1914.

Crime and Punishment, The House of the Dead, Letters from the Underworld and Other Tales, The Idiot. By Fedor Dostoieffsky. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. In Everyman's Library, 1911-14.

A Great Russian Realist (Feodor Dostoieffsky.) By J. A. T. Lloyd. London: Kegan, Paul & Co., 1912.

Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. Translated by G. A. Mounsey. London: De La More Press, 1912.

Tolstoy as Man and Artist, with an Essay on Dostoievski. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1902.

Landmarks in Russian Literature. By M. Baring. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1912.

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no international sympathies; to understand his type of thought one must temporarily lay aside one's attachment to European civilization. And, quite otherwise than with Tolstoy, the sacrifice is not in the name of any general understandable ideals of universal love and toleration, but of a faith in the mystic destiny of Russia.

Though he has been called the greatest of Russian realists, Dostoevski is not, except for "The House of the Dead," in any ordinary sense of the word, a realist at all. His great novels, "Crime and Punishment," "The Idiot," "The Possessed," "The Brothers Karamazov," are each primarily a series of conversations. But these conversations are often, or generally, such as could no more occur in actual life than could those of "Comus" or "Paradise Lost." The important characters are for the most part criminals, epileptics, prostitutes, voluptuaries of various types, mentally deranged persons of numerous and interesting ailments. Murder is a central and controlling interest in each of these novels. The few normal, conventional persons who occur are uninteresting to a degree. Now, a novelist may be privileged to choose what material he will for his work, but if he prefers to select no material from ordinary, normal existence one may at least suspect a certain weakness in his talent, one may doubt whether he deserves to be placed at the head of the literature of any country. One refuses to believe that such a writer is the best revelation of the Russian soul. To do so would be to draw up a severe indictment against a great nation.

II.

What, then, are the qualities on account of which Dostoevski really deserves fame? First of all, he *is* a realist in one book. In "The House of the Dead" he has given a picture of life in his Siberian prison that will always remain a great classic. Here he is concrete, vivid, truthful, in the same way as Tolstoy in his "Sevastopol." Turgenev, who was by temperament no admirer of Dostoevski, said truly that the description of the bath was worthy of Dante. Dozens of wretches, clad only in chains, are crowded into the hot, steaming room; humanity at its lowest terms, but still humanity vigorous, buoyant, and eager to be clean. Quite as powerful, and more touching, is the account of the Christmas theatricals, where the artistic sense of the convicts, cramped as it has been by their life, at last finds expression. The atmosphere is that of a children's party, where bad boys forget their depravity in keen enjoyment of funny charades. Strangely enough, of all Dostoevski's writings this book of the prison is the least harrowing to the reader's nerves. Here he does not draw his material from his diseased imagination, but describes what he has actually seen and transfigures it by his sympathy.

And what of Dostoevski's works of fiction? What qualities does he show in them so preeminent that they compensate for his evident shortcomings? First of all, one may say, a wonderful command of pathos, a boundless sympathy for suffering humanity; and in the second place, a marvellous power of psychological analysis. To these one may add, with some reserves, a peculiar skill in literary construction.

Pathos is the central element in all Dostoevski's early work. Few more affecting stories have been written than "Poor Folk," the short novel by which, at the age of twenty-four, Dostoevski suddenly became famous. A middle-aged government clerk, poor in brains as in pocket, sacrifices himself to the support of a girl distantly related to him, with whom he is secretly in love. Pretty Varvara accepts his devotion with the same spirit, and with the same fidelity, with which a kitten welcomes caresses; and, when the opportunity offers, promptly marries a wealthy suitor, moves away, and leaves her unprepossessing kinsman broken-hearted. A similar pathos reappears by fits and starts in the later works, above all in the description of poor and helpless children. Almost at random one may cite the scene in which little Polenka, in "Crime and Punishment," kisses the murderer Raskolnikov, and promises to pray for him all her life. Occasionally, as with Dickens, this pathos passes into downright sentimentality. One may term the death of Ilusha, in "The Brothers Karamazov," either sublime or ridiculous.

As time passed, Dostoevski's power of sympathy gradually yielded to a quite different feeling, an absolute delight in the portrayal of suffering, a triumphant teasing of his reader's nerves. This he accomplishes by the masterly exhibition of the feelings of the tortured victims, and, quite as important, of the feelings of their skilled and artistic torturers. In "Crime and Punishment" Raskolnikov commits a murder on page 72 and, aided by a talented detective, proceeds to meditate on his crime for some 400 pages. A reader follows the different stages of his agony with keen intellectual interest rather than with mere sympathy. When Ivan Karamazov dilates on the tortures administered to young children by certain degenerates, he emphasizes—and a reader, if disgust allows him to meditate at all, is obliged to follow him—quite as much the workings of the mind of the persecutor as the sufferings of the victim. No author arouses in his reader such poignant recollections of their own "little, nameless, unremembered acts" of meanness and of spite. The Russian critic Mikhailovski well expresses the change in Dostoevski's methods when he says that Dostoevski's subject is always a wolf eating a lamb: in his earlier books he is more interested in the lamb and in his later in the wolf. In this portrayal of wolfish and lamblike feelings Dostoevski's conversations are his chief tool. They may be compared to the soliloquies and asides in Shakespeare's dramas; in themselves they are unreal and unbelievable, but as aids in the drawing of character they are true works of art.

As a master of narrative, Dostoevski has received high praise, which is justified if one considers only his best work. A reader of "Crime and Punishment" may be impelled to skip some tiresome piece of mental analysis; fifty pages later he suddenly finds that he has missed an essential point in the narrative, and is compelled to retrace his steps. The cunning master has wasted no words even when he seemed most prodigal. But no such praise can be given to "The Idiot" or "The Possessed," where long blocks of rigmarole now serve no purpose—once they helped Dostoevski draw pay from his publishers. In "The Brothers Karamazov" there are whole chapters of moralizing that have no bearing on the story; critics who say that Dostoevski, unlike Tolstoy, is not a preacher, simply ignore obvious facts.

III.

Dostoevski's preaching is composed of three main doctrines, one of which enjoins infinite charity, all-embracing forgiveness, another absolute submission to the existing order of things here on earth, and the third a mystic salvation through suffering. The greatest of these is charity, which Dostoevski extends to all inmates of prisons, to say nothing of persons who are on their way to almshouses or insane asylums, and which he refuses only to keen, enterprising, successful persons who themselves lack this tolerantly all-human spirit that is the greatest of virtues. Charity in Dostoevski is apt to degenerate into maudlin sentimentality that an American may misinterpret as intentionally comic: witness the drunken harangue of Marmeladov near the opening of "Crime and Punishment." Dostoevski's doctrine of submission arises from his faith in his native Russia, from his hatred of socialistic rebels and Westernizing Liberals. His submission is at the other pole from Tolstoy's aggressive anarchistic doctrine of non-resistance to evil; for Dostoevski the state order is sacred, while for Tolstoy it is a negligible trifle. Dostoevski's insistence on suffering as a means of moral regeneration was a comparatively late discovery; he gives no suggestion of it before his exile, and in "The House of the Dead" he confesses that among his fellow convicts he never detected any signs of repentance. Yet in "Crime and Punishment" (1866) the doctrine of salvation through suffering suddenly appears in full vigor: Sonia, the submissive, eternally miserable outcast, furnishes the religious inspiration needed by Raskolnikov in order to cast out the mutinous and rebellious spirit that has made him a murderer. Sonia bids him take up his cross, or, in plain language, confess his crime and submit to exile in Siberia. The same mystic faith in suffering again dominates "The Brothers Karamazov," written just before the author's death; it may be called his characteristic, individual doctrine.

One inquires how far in all this Dostoevski may really interpet the Russian soul. His all-embracing charity, one must agree, is a trait more typical of the Russian temperament than of the Anglo-Saxon. The instinctive moral test applied by a Russian is apt to be kindness of heart, while that of an Anglo-Saxon is self-command, self-restraint. This distinction naturally cannot be pushed

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to an extreme: kindness of heart and personal amiability are not frowned on in England. Shakespeare certainly shows no lack of appreciation and sympathy for Falstaff, nor are Tom Jones and Clive Newcome quite models of Philistine propriety. But Shakespeare and Fielding and Thackeray, after all, have in them something of the Lord Chief Justice, who laughs at Falstaff's impudence while retaining a strong conviction of the utility of human judgments; charity is good, but in the long run it is best to have some standards of respectability and propriety. In Dostoevski, standards of propriety vanish: his ideal Russian, Prince Myshkin (in "The Idiot"), behaves to good and bad with equal sympathy and never thinks of judging another's conduct. Tom Jones, after reaping and burning his wild oats, will become a conventional English squire. Alyosha (in "Injury and Insult") can never by any chance develop any notions of self-restraint or moral responsibility, and just because of his thoughtless, childish nature Dostoevski makes a high-minded girl sacrifice herself to become his life companion. Shakespeare wins our sympathy for Macbeth by endowing that murderer with a poetic imagination and by showing the conflict between his ambition and his conscience; Dostoevski makes his murderer, Raskolnikov, win our regard by his sentimental kindliness to children and beggars. All this is an exaggeration of Russian charity rather than a true representation of it. Tolstoy, with his scorn of Philistine respectability, combined with a burning faith in the categorical imperative, and Turgenev, with his gentle kindliness, mixed with a certain admiration for the homespun virtues of respectability and thrift, are the true representatives of the Russian temperament.

If hardness of heart be Dostoevski's cardinal sin, rebellion against Russia is for him the most serious act of criminality. For the Russian people love their Country, their Tsar, and their Church. Any one who revolts against the existing order thereby separates himself from the Russian people and commits apostasy. Such is the sin of the Socialists and the Liberals. An exhibition of the self-conceit, emptiness, futility, and criminality of these rebels fills "The Possessed" and plays no small part in other novels. Whether Dostoevski was right or wrong in this particular interpretation of the Russian soul is a question that time alone can answer. An outsider is loath to believe that the only true Russian is the submissive Russian, and that all attempts to overthrow or modify the rule of the Russian autocracy and the Russian Church are the work of men possessed by unclean spirits.

The rebels against Russia are, however, not necessarily lost souls. They may be redeemed and purified through suffering. In this peculiar exaltation of the value of suffering here on earth one may politely protest, along with Mikhailovski, that Dostoevski does not represent truly the Russian temperament, which is no more fond of suffering than any other. In his doctrine of submission, Dostoevski may find support in millions of Russian peasants who do not meditate, and in a party whose meditations are not always free from interested motives; in this last doctrine he is original and alone. Other Russians have believed that man's true work lies not in submitting to injustice and oppression, and in suffering because of them, but in struggling manfully against them; in laboring for the improvement of material Russian conditions rather than in speculating vaporously about the destiny of Russia. One may hope that they, rather than the eccentric Dostoevski, are truly representative of the Russian soul.

To conclude, Dostoevski is less typical of Russia than either Tolstoy or Turgenev, or perhaps one may add, even than Gorki. His range is narrow, his types of character abnormal, his plots fantastic, his methods of telling a story as far from realism as those of Victor Hugo. Yet he is the greatest novelist of the world in some things. No man, once we come within his power, can hold our minds with more intense interest. No man can make us more fully understand the hidden springs of human action under certain circumstances. No man can make us so completely forget the absurdity of a situation as we follow the minds of the men who find themselves in that situation. Dostoevski is a novelist of special cases. If one must characterize him in a single phrase, there is none better than that discovered long ago by Vogüé, "the Shakespeare of the madhouse."

Book Notes and Byways

THE HARPER'S SONG IN "WILHELM MEISTER."

By PAUL E. MORE.

In one of his moods of despondency Wilhelm Meister visits the old Harper of the tale, whom he finds twanging his instrument and chanting this melancholy song:

Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt Euch nicht, Ihr himmlischen Mächte.

Ihr führt ins Leben uns hinein,
Ihr lasst den Armen schuldig werden,
Dann überlasst Ihr ihn der Pein,
Denn alle Schuld rächt sich auf Erden.

Goethe, I think, never wrote anything that shows to greater perfection the combination of lyrical impetus with philosophical gravity which is the peculiar mark of his genius. He himself knew the value of the stanzas, and used to relate how the Queen of Prussia, in her flight after the disaster of Jena in 1807, found in the Harper's sad moralizing some consolation for the tragedy of her life.

Nor has the little poem failed of celebrity in English-speaking lands. Innumerable children have learnt it by heart—at least, they did so when I was beginning German—and have wondered what it might mean. Poets have translated it; among them Arthur Hugh Clough, and badly, though the burden of the song is so much in his own vein. The best version I know is Carlyle's:

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye heavenly Powers.

To earth, this weary earth, ye bring us,
To guilt ye let us heedless go,
Then leave repentance fierce to wring us:
A moment's guilt, an age of woe!

That has a little of the ring of the original; even the difficult, heavily-weighted second stanza does not lose all its force, until, unfortunately, we reach the last line, which would at least be nearer to Goethe's thought if it read,

For all guilt hath its venging woe.

Of another line, the sixth, I am doubtful. My German friends tell me that *lasst* here may be either permissive ("ye let us become guilty") or causative ("ye cause us to become guilty"), but that the second meaning is the more natural and probable. Carlyle evidently took the permissive sense, and likely enough the other never occurred to him, well versed in German as he must have been. The point is of some importance, since the meaning of the word bears directly on the source of Goethe's own inspiration.

I do not know whether Goethe wrote the two stanzas purposely for their place in the novel or on another occasion, and I recollect nothing in the story to show that he had the classic drama immediately in mind when he composed them. Yet certainly the deeper emotion, the elusive mystery, one might almost say, of the Æschylean and even more particularly of the Sophoclean tragedy is conveyed to the reader in the brief compass of Goethe's second stanza, with really marvellous accuracy and force. And for that interpretation we need rather the permissive than the causative sense of *lasst*. Perhaps it is more precise to say we need just the slight ambiguity that is felt in the word; for the heart of Greek tragedy, as I find it, lies in the hovering doubt between the notion of the gods as powers who first tempt man (*καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμόν*) and then punish him for yielding, or, as powers who merely from their serene heights watch with indifference the follies and pains of the creatures they have brought into being. Which of these views "of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate" prevails in the "Œdipus Tyrannus"? I have never been able to make up my mind, and I suspect that the poet himself would have repudiated either view if it had been brought out into the harsh light of reason from its penumbra of superstition. Indeed, I cannot see that the riddle is any clearer to the theologian or the man of science to-day than it was to the poet two thousand years ago. And it is because the mystery underlying the problem weighs so heavily, and is dramatized so concretely, in Sophocles, that he stands as the greatest and most typical tragedian, closer to the heart of the modern man, some of us think, even than Shakespeare.

All this came to me the other day while going on a journey that seemed to be carrying me to be a spectator of one of the terrible, inexplicable tragedies of real life, and while trying to lose my oppressive fears in the larger world of Sophocles. Afterwards it occurred to me that the Harper's verses might express the feeling of the Sophoclean drama more intimately if turned into Greek elegiacs. To this end I made at my ease a score of versions—each one, it seemed to me, weaker than its predecessor. I could get nothing of Goethe's directness and gravity into the Greek, and gave up the attempt. Then I

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challenged Prof. J. R. Wheeler to try his hand at the task, and the result was this epigram, which I am sure every Grecian who reads the *Nation* will be glad to see, and which is the true begetter of this little essay:

"Οστις δακρυχέων μήπω σίτοιο πέπασται,
μηδ' ἀνὰ νύκτ' ὀλοὴν κλίνῃ ἐφεζόμενος
οἴκτῳ ὀλοφύρατ' ἄχη δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσι μένοντα,
κεῖνον λήθετ' ἀεί, δαίμονες οὐράνιοι.

ὑμῶν γὰρ ἰότητι βίοιό γ' ἀμειβόμεθ' οὐδόν,
μήδεσι δ' ὑμετέροις χρώμεθ' ἀτασθαλίῃ,
ἄλγεα δ' αὖ θυμῷ ἐμβάλλετε τῷ παραβάντι·
ἢ "δράσαντι παθεῖν" αἴσιμον ἠμερίοις.

Correspondence

GERMANY'S ECONOMIC POSITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Few people in this country seem to realize the remarkable success with which German commerce and industry have adapted themselves to conditions of war. In place of the anticipated constantly increasing signs of economic distress, German trade appears to be in a very favorable condition, and to show distinct signs of revival—as compared with the early days of the war.

As indicative of this, we may cite the earnings of the Prussian State Railways. Disregarding the income received for the transportation of troops or military supplies, these were in percentages of the receipts for 1913:

Month:	Passenger earnings.	Freight earnings.
August	56.51	41.25
September	49.59	68.73
October	61.80	79.67
November	75.36	81.41

Since November a further improvement has taken place, and earnings are reported over 90 per cent. of normal figures.

Failures are usually supposed to afford a fairly accurate gauge of the state of trade. Applying this test, we find 3,280 failures taking place in Germany in the last six months of 1914, as contrasted with 4,432 in 1913, or a decrease of one-fourth. This showing is all the more remarkable if it be remembered that commercial failures in the United States for the second half of 1914 were 9,737, as against 7,874 in 1913, or a gain of 23 per cent.

Growth in savings bank deposits affords another criterion for measuring the prosperity of a nation. In 1914 this gain in Germany exceeded 900,000,000 marks, and was not far behind the 942,000,000 augmentation recorded in 1913. In January, 1915, alone, deposits increased 390,000,000 marks. On the other hand, withdrawals exceeded deposits in the French savings institutions during the past year by 120,000,000 francs.

Again, bank clearings regularly reflect the degree of a country's activity in trade. As the clearing returns of the great German banks are not given from week to week, recourse must be had to the figures regularly published by the postal authorities of the business transacted through the so-called postal check accounts. These gained 18,600 in number during 1914, while deposits mounted from 240,000,000 marks at the end of July to 295,000,000 at the close of the year. Clearances for the year showed a handsome increase, and for December reached the hitherto unattained figure of 4,333,000,000 marks. Nor has any let-up occurred since the first of the year. Indeed, for the week ending January 9 all previous weekly clearances were eclipsed. As an offset to this, English total bank clearings decreased one-third for the months of January and February.

The foregoing figures speak for themselves. Despite the fact that the major part of Germany's $5,000,000,000 foreign trade has been wiped out since the war began, her industrial activity was only temporarily halted, and is now not far from its normal volume. Those who are counting, therefore, on a speedy ending of the war because of Germany's economic exhaustion seem doomed to disappointment.

Harold G. Villard.

New York, April 1.

CROOKED THINKING IN REGARD TO WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Miss Repplier, in a recent number of the *Nation*, ridicules an article in the *Atlantic* on "German Methods of Conducting the War." For this many of us would thank her. But, if one may in courtesy say it, her own article in the January number of the same monthly has, perhaps, as serious faults. While she expresses with measureless vigor much that is true, yet she turns it into half-truth by her use of it, and offends by a spirit of mockery towards men who deserve the gratitude of all.

If one may turn first to the more transient and personal, the less significant, aspect of her attempt to show how Christian a thing warfare may be, she speaks of the "babbling," the "world of words," the "words that hold no thought at all," the "sea of sentiment," the "flabbiness," of our "peace talk." Lord Haldane, Mr. Carnegie, President Butler, the Secretary of State, with more than a glance at Mr. Taft, Mr. Root, and President Wilson—these, along with the American Association for International Conciliation and the World Peace Foundation, are named and held up to scorn as contributors, in their propaganda, to crooked thinking; as though the present war had somehow demonstrated that all who work against war in general after their manner were incapable of facing facts.

But did the work of fighting war suffer, as a whole, the illusion that the victory already had been won? Was it believed that the militarism of Europe had no meaning? Was not the work on that account rather carried on with a sense that the world's peace was threatened by definite and tangible perils that must be faced and fought with a will; and have not these fears been wholly justified? To work for an end which, it must be confessed, seems more difficult of attainment but not the less attainable—namely, to place warfare finally in the same relation to the world-community that individual fighting bears to the city and the State—this is surely an honorable work. Such a work has not been made contemptible, because its purpose was to secure what has now slipped from us, and in slipping from us has seemed a hundredfold more than ever worth the seeking and securing. Is the Peace Palace at The Hague, as in Miss Repplier's cheap jibe, "to let"? Is it not, as never before, needed for its original purpose? It seems to me almost dastardly to turn upon this work with ridicule at such an hour. The cause against war is not adjudged by the coming of the present or of any other war. And, even if there had been utter defeat; even if the fight against war had been proven to be against a force that never could be conquered, is that to be an occasion of sneering? A time when the world is giving all honor to the Belgians for their intrepid stand for principle in the face of certain defeat seems hardly seasonable for scoffing at loyalty to what may appear for the moment as a lost cause. Matthew Arnold's description of Oxford as the home of lost causes gives to that illustrious place, in many eyes, a still greater lustre.

But, after all, it is not the ill grace of such an attack, but its own crooked thinking, that is of most importance. For, like that of the Belgians, the fight against war is not a lost cause. Men will continue the fight, as did the "babbling," the "crooked thinking," the "sentimental" abolitionists; and only the future will reveal what hold they have both on facts and on the transforming, the conquering power of the human will. Nor is the case ended by proving that war will ever be. Murder will ever be, and yet we shall continue to work against it, expecting to make it less frequent. Sickness will always be, and yet always will be suffering defeat. Did the diseases with which Sydenham could not cope, does a pestilence to-day in Austria, prove him and Pasteur and all who fight disease to be dreamers?

Nor is the work against war to be justly rebuked by showing, as Miss Repplier does, and as the late Admiral Mahan had more ably done before her, how Christian an enterprise war can be—by pointing to the wars of independence, the wars to resist aggression, the great war against slavery. Let us grant the nobility that goes into war and comes forth from it, as we grant the nobility that for centuries was present in personal combat—with wife and babe and friend defended, and personal honor. Particular wars, or a particular side of every war, may be righteous, and yet war as a whole, war as a system of adjusting the claims of states, may be a very insult to God. The established system, not the innocent victim, is in disgrace. A person may condemn and labor to reform the established method of settling international disputes, without thereby proving that his soul is dead to the heroism of the Belgians. The spirit of beneficent warfare should no more make us tolerant of war in general than the existence of beneficent disease makes us tolerant of disease in general. "What, labor to abolish sickness!" shall we cry to the physician? "Is not disease one of the means of combating disease? In vaccination, for example, we have a wholly justified disorder; erysipelas has produced desired results; and would you, then, strive to prevent what is really a great resource when the health of the body is assailed?"

Christianity may have no condemnation for the Belgian who fights for hearth and home; it may have no condemnation for the German who believes that he fights for hearth and home; but, if it does not utter its sense of outrage at a human situation where every one is defending himself from men who are also defending themselves, all of them slaughtering human beings equally devoted to truth and honor—if Christianity had no word against a world-community where such a system is established, then, indeed, would it be a failure. It would have no defiance for what Milton calls the reign of Chaos and old Night. But Agnes Repplier and Alice Meynell and all who sing the song of Deborah, think-

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ing it Christian, sing in vain. The editor of the *Atlantic*, as though to give immunity from her infectious enthusiasm for half-truth, himself speaks, directly before Miss Repplier's article, of those who "prove to their own satisfaction that war and the Christian religion are readily reconciled." "Are our civilization and our religion, bound inextricably as they are with all the things which make life dear to us," he says, "to be deprived forever of life's last incentive? Christianity may so believe to-day, but Christ did not. Violence he hated. It is transitory and must fail." Crooked thinking there well may be in the fight against war; but in the fight for it the thinking is not always absolutely straight.

GEORGE M. STRATTON.

Berkeley, Cal., March 1.

MISS REPPLIER'S REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Stratton had read my article, "Christianity and War," before attacking it (I am aware that this is asking a great deal, but it is a process which promotes understanding), he would know that, while I unhesitatingly said that our peace programmes were sentimental, and lulled us into a false security, I never applied the words "crooked thinking" to any of them, and certainly not to our straight-thinking—if over-eager—abolitionists. I used the phrase twice—once in reference to the writings of Treitschke and Bernhardi, and once in reference to aggressive warfare and its apologists. I did say that addresses delivered at "peace demonstrations" often held no thought at all, which is but a gentle form of condemnation. He would also know that, so far from holding President Butler up to scorn, the only reference I made to that astute observer concerned itself with his remark that the foreign governments were manifesting no visible interest in the third Hague Conference, scheduled for 1915. Reading *is* troublesome work. No one knows this better than I do. Have I not read every word of Mr. Stratton's letter? But it is a trouble hardly to be avoided if we are seriously to criticise what has been seriously written.

It is well to work for peace. There is no sane man or woman who would not gladly admit this much. But it is not well to dissociate peace from justice. Peace is not a virtue, like truth or chastity, to be commended at all cost. It may be good and honorable; it may be tragic and pitiful; it may be the triumph of unrighteousness, the simple mastery of the strong over the weak. When Mr. Stratton says, "Christianity may have no condemnation for the Belgian who fights for hearth and home; it may have no condemnation for the German who believes that he fights for hearth and home," he begs the vital question. Nobody holds the common soldier to blame for anything save individual excess. The responsibility and the guilt lie with the nation which planned and precipitated the war, which invaded its neighbors' territory and appropriated its neighbors' goods. If we can make up our minds which nation did these things, then we must know that no peace can be a good peace which does not restore the invaded lands and give redress for wrong.

For years Germany has bent her intelligence and strength into the perfect equipment of her armies, into a careful and unconcealed preparation for war. Against her fixed determination, "peace congresses" and "peace foundations" availed nothing. In so far as they soothed other nations into believing that war might be averted, they were misleading and dangerous. In so far as a "League to Limit Armaments" prevails upon Americans to believe that we also can avert danger by being unprepared for it, this League is misleading and dangerous. France did not want to fight. She was not prepared to fight. But neither her reluctance nor her unreadiness saved her when the blow was struck. Mr. Stratton compares the crusade against war to the crusade against disease. If he is a Christian Scientist, his analogy holds good. Otherwise, let me point out to him that modern science fights disease by resolutely fortifying our systems against its too possible attack.

One word more. Mr. Stratton says that I think the song of Debbora (permit the Douay spelling) to be Christian. I do not, because I have read my Bible. But, for the same reason, I cannot feel offended by his likening of my plain words to this literary masterpiece. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Israelites had been "grievously oppressed" for twenty years, when Debbora—her patience at an end—bade them go forth and fight like men for freedom. In the combat that ensued dreadful things happened, as, for instance, the treacherous slaying of Sisara—for which foul deed Debbora (a firm believer in expediency) has nothing but heartfelt praise. But after that sharp and brave struggle for independence came a peace so profound that "the land rested for forty years." And this was a good peace.

AGNES REPPLIER.

Philadelphia, March 31.

THE BRUSSELS DOCUMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Inasmuch as for certain reasons I felt obliged to publish my answer to Prof. J. M. Hart as sent to you on March 27 in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* of March 29, there seems to be no need to use the space of the *Nation* for a republication. Merely as a matter of courtesy to Professor Hart and to put my answer on record, I ask you to be kind enough to insert this reference to my reply in which I pointed out (1) that in describing the Brussels documents as an "agreement" or "arrangement," I was merely using the English equivalent for the French term "conventions" which appears on the docket of the documents, and (2) that in an extract from President Poincaré's letter, as given in the *Public Ledger* of February 20, Russia *is* mentioned and in the way indicated by me; likewise in a paragraph on the letter in the "Summary of the News" in the *Nation* of February 25.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

Philadelphia, April 2.

UNFAIRNESS TOWARDS BELGIUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Jastrow writes (p. 246) that Belgium endangered her position by a one-sided agreement (with England, in case of a violation on the part of Germany). He apparently forgets that, ever since 1906, but especially since 1911, the gigantic preparations undertaken by Germany on her Belgian frontier, contrasting with the unpreparedness of the French on their northeastern border, proved conclusively that the menace to Belgium was from the east, not from the west. General Maitrot's prophetic work, "Nos Frontières de l'Est et du Nord," published 1912, where the German offensive through Belgium is clearly foretold, quotes many other utterances to the same effect, which have repeatedly appeared in German, Belgian, and French military books and periodicals. The hypothesis of a French offensive through Belgium was rightly dismissed as absurd and has never been, so far as I know, seriously discussed. Reasonable people take measures to avert real dangers, not imaginary ones. The event has shown too clearly that the Belgian Government was reasonable and not affected by Baron Greindl's craziness.

S. REINACH.

Paris, March 16.

BERTRAND RUSSELL AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since the principal object of my former letter has been gained, I shall not weary your readers with any lengthy rejoinder to your reviewer's revised criticism of Mr. Bertrand Russell's book on "Our Knowledge of the External World." I am satisfied to leave such questions as the interpretation of Berkeley and Kant, or the analysis of sense-perception, to the judgment of those who will examine the merits of these questions for themselves. The correction of the reviewer's errors of detail may be left for a more suitable occasion, if it be worth while at all. I have been primarily interested in protecting those who, reading the review in the *Nation*, might not unnaturally regard it as competent and authoritative. The review was deliberately calculated to convey to such persons the impression that the book is crude and insignificant. Quite apart from doctrinal differences of opinion, such a judgment is objectively and historically false. Mr. Russell's work is notable among philosophers the world over for its almost unparalleled refinement and rigor (as in the "Principia Mathematica"), for its scholarship (as in the "Philosophy of Leibniz," and the papers on Meinong), and for its stimulating effect on the minds of contemporaries, both critics and disciples. "Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy" is the popular presentation of a new philosophical programme. Its central feature is the use of the apparatus of modern logic for the precise and detailed working out of the ancient hypothesis of empiricism. Mr. Russell did not invent empiricism any more than Newton invented gravity, or Darwin evolution. But in such work as the construction of "points" and "instants" from empirical data (Lect. IV), Mr. Russell has illustrated the possibility of giving to traditional speculation something of the character of exact science. Mill lived before the necessary logical technique was sufficiently advanced. Poincaré and Mach, whom Mr. Russell credits with "serious contributions" to the problem, committed certain fundamental errors which Mr. Russell points out. There is now a prospect of something better. But all of this is as nothing to your reviewer, who fills columns with the charge that Mr. Russell is not sufficiently respectful to his elders!

I note with interest that "The Reviewer"

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now ruminates as follows: "And yet (as the review indicated) I am not quite certain that Mr. Russell is either naïve or uninformed. I own frankly that he is a problem that I have not yet solved." Lest the reader too hastily assume that this *was* "indicated" in the review, let me remind him of the verdict with which the review closed: "Either Mr. Russell is unfathomably deep, or he is, after all, astonishingly naïve and uninformed. Our conclusion is that he is not unfathomably deep." In any case, the dilemma is now considerably amplified. "Either Mr. Russell is 'astonishingly naïve and uninformed,' or he is calmly insolent, or he is merely enjoying some good-natured amusement"; *or* he is a problem that the reviewer has "not yet solved." I am especially grateful for this last alternative, and for the reviewer's frankness in offering it.

RALPH BARTON PERRY.

Cambridge, Mass., March 14.

Notes from the Capital

THE MANY-SIDED ROOT.

Perhaps the characters of most men of light and leading in our busy era would, if analyzed minutely, present some startling incongruities. Elihu Root, who has just left the United States Senate to guide the course of the Constitutional Convention in New York, offers no exception to the rule. He seems to change traits as he changes fields of activity. As a lawyer, he is bloodless, unemotional, incisive; as a statesman, he is thoughtful, elastic, imaginative; as an administrator, he is calm, firm, clear of perception, and definite of aim; humanly, he is temperamental, with impulses quickly responsive to either genial or pathetic appeals, deeply attached to his friends, chivalrous towards his foes. Those who know him on only one of his several sides know but a small part of the man.

Most persons coming into contact with Root for the first time receive an impression of indolence, due about equally, doubtless, to his habitual deliberateness of speech and casual manner. There is no affectation about either of these; they are merely a result of his long training in ways which develop self-confidence. In troublous times, when a fussy man would pace the floor, or rock violently, or swing his arms in gesticulation, Root lolls back in his chair, with one hand in his pocket, and the only sign of his consciousness of anything afoot is a slight deepening of the vertical crease in his forehead just above the nose. If he has to administer a rebuke, it never takes the explosive form, but always that of an unusually cool, judicial statement of the cause of offence to the offender. Shams he sees through almost intuitively, and wastes no time on them, contenting himself with putting them into their proper place and ignoring the matter from that point forward.

At the other extreme, his sense of humor may be vigorously stirred without provoking an outright laugh. A smile, an infectious chuckle, a witty retort, or an amused interrogatory which carries the joke a stage further, may show his appreciation, but that is probably all the evidence he will vouchsafe of how he has been affected. Let something recall to him, however, a touching experience of his youth, a great man whom he has known and revered, or a period of storm and stress in which he has played a part, and he surprises every one with the fund of real sentiment that lies hidden behind his seeming impassiveness. Even here may come to the surface one of those combinations of deep feeling and hard practicality which excite the wonder of undiscriminating observers. Take the negro problem for an example. Nobody in the United States cherishes to this day a more robust reminiscent horror of slavery than Root, for he passed his boyhood under the roof of one of the stations on the underground railway; yet he is counted among the small school of Republican leaders who regard our experiment with negro suffrage as a failure. Not many an active politician of that party, however genuine his convictions on the same side of the suffrage question, would risk a voluntary enunciation of them, lest his general attitude towards human freedom and racial justice might suffer misunderstanding. No such compunction on this or any other subject disturbs Root: if the logic of a situation be sufficiently cogent to settle his mind on it, he can see no objection to avowing the fact.

This does not mean that he is especially communicative by disposition. On the contrary, he absorbs far more than he dispenses. His methods of evading an impertinent inquisition are varied and entertaining. About a dozen years ago the Supreme Court of the United States delivered oracular decisions in two cases involving the relations of our colonies to the rest of the republic, and one of the Washington gossips tried to embarrass Root by plumping at him the question whether, under the court's ruling, "the Constitution follows the flag." "As far as I can make out from hearing the decisions read," answered Root, after a moment's reflection, "I infer that the Constitution does follow the flag—but doesn't catch up with it." Again, when asked whether certain statements that had been made about him in the press were true, his only reply was to open a book and read aloud, with great impressiveness, Parson Weems's story of little George Washington and the cherry tree. The inquirer was baffled; for the parable might mean either that the story about him was as fictitious as Weems's about Washington, or that he had done the worst the article had charged, and "couldn't tell a lie" to save himself from the consequences.

Is Root sincere in his refusal to consider a nomination for the Presidency? Unquestionably; and this not alone because of his age, but also because he is perfectly aware that qualifications for efficient public service, such as he has shown in an extraordinary degree, count for nothing as a passport to elective office if unaccompanied by that subtle something called "availability." Any President would rejoice to get a man of his capacity for the Cabinet, for a foreign embassy, perhaps for a seat on the highest bench; but, for all that, he would be put aside, by the multitude who cast votes, in favor of some smaller man whom they recognize as more of their own sort. It was the same lack of the "whooping-up" quality which in 1880 displaced Edmunds for Blaine, and in more recent years would have kept Hanna out of the running indefinitely. Unless all signs fail, his task as a constitution-maker will put the finishing touch to Root's political career.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

A SIGNIFICANT MESSAGE FROM JAPAN.

Japan to America: A Symposium of Papers by Political Leaders and Representative Citizens of Japan on Conditions in Japan and on the Relations between Japan and the United States. Edited by Naoichi Masaoka. Authorized American edition, issued under the auspices of the Japan Society of America. With introduction by Lindsay Russell, President Japan Society. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25

The short introduction to this symposium contributed by the president of the Japan Society of America ends with the expression of a hope "that the wide circulation of the book may do much to further friendly relations between the United States and Japan." Unfortunately, a book like this, while of great interest to the judicious reader, is not likely to receive much attention from those whom it might benefit, the merchant and the politician. The editor, in his own article, "Japan and Americanism," rates at a low figure the American business men in his country, regarding them as "sadly wanting in character and education"; and he regrets that "men of ill-breeding should have availed themselves of their new circumstances to become upstarts and represent their nation in Japan." They place no confidence in the Japanese with whom they transact business; to them the average Japanese is a liar and dishonest. The latter in turn looks upon them as "mean creatures." Conversely, the Japanese laborers who flocked to the Pacific Coast before the "gentleman's agreement" closed the gates, are the only Japanese whom the local politician is likely to meet, and Japan is thus "judged by her least attractive and least efficient representatives."

The writer of this article has also a hit at the American missionaries working in Japan, classing them as men of inferior scholarship, at once ignorant of the native cults and contemptuous of them. Such among them as wield influence and are respected owe it rather, he insists, to force of character than to intellectual calibre. He would prefer Christian teachers who possess a knowledge superior to the average Japanese religionist, whom he rates high. "Their religious conception," he says, "is, in a sense, far more advanced than that of the Americans, whose chief national concern has been the development of material prosperity since the beginning of their history." The criticism is in a measure just, for in the field of theology and general erudition the average American missionary is poorly equipped, and at a disadvantage when pitted against a keen Oriental. Whenever close exposition, for instance, is called for, he invariably goes off into mere generalities. These pioneers in the propagation of Christianity have in most cases been neither specially selected nor specially trained for their work, and better methods would produce better men. But, on the other hand, few critics will support Mr.

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Masaoka when he declares that "the founders and reformers of many sects of Buddhism or Shintoism in Japan were, every one of them, men who could well rival Luther, Wesley, or Knox in calibre. Nay, we are sure, with no trace of patriotic weakness, that some of them were even their superiors, so far as scholarship is concerned." He himself, by the way, can speak, not as a scholar and investigator, but merely as a popular journalist.

Baron Goto, in his very readable and acute paper, "The Real Character of the Japanese Race," makes a less dubious claim. He asserts that the Japanese nation assimilated the teachings of Buddhism and Confucianism rather than that the teachings assimilated the Japanese nation; that the Chinese sage, had he returned to earth, would have been amazed (and gratified?) by the elaboration that his own theories have received at the hands of his Japanese disciples; and that "Buddhism has been brought to successful completion in Japan." Certainly, Japan is the only country where the warrior class accepted Buddhism as a fighting creed; where it became an element in chivalry. Hence the generosity to his foe, the "humanitarianism," shown by the typical Japanese soldier. But the Baron seems to press this trait to an unwarranted issue when he brings it forward as proof that his people are not warlike; rather the contrary is to be inferred. Moreover, the best types of Western soldier, such as Bayard, Robert E. Lee, and Roberts just dead, were eminently humanitarian in their spiritual make-up. Nor is the claim he makes for the Japanese story-teller, Bakin, as a worthy compeer even of Goethe, Hugo, or Shakespeare, likely to find favor with literary critics. But such patriotic assertiveness may be expected from representatives of this latest entrant among the nations of the world.

The contributions to the symposium from leading business men are naturally of a practical and unassertive nature, showing a real desire for peace and friendliness. The present European conflagration, however, has dealt so deadly a blow at the dreams of economists that much of the argument is already antiquated, making the general mode of plea ineffective. Of more significance is the "Centripetal Mikadoism" paper of the Hon. I. Tokutomi, editor of the *Kokumin Shimbun*, or "National Daily." The same ideal note is already struck by Baron Goto, where, early in his paper, he uses the term "the Word" in a religious-political sense, recalling Oriental discussions of two thousand years ago. It came to the Emperor Jimmu, he intimates, who was "an immediate attendant of the Creator," and the house whose foundation he laid has been added to by the initiated in later years. The unification of the Japanese Empire, with the Mikado as centre, has, according to Mr. Tokutomi, a unique significance in history. The kings and emperors of other nations have not, he asserts, the same vital relation to their peoples as has the Emperor of Japan to his loyal subjects; "to speak figuratively—theirs are the hat, while ours is the head. The hat may be changed as often as you please; the head once gone, the body itself would die. In this respect does our national Constitution essentially differ from theirs; so does our loyalty to the Mikado differ from theirs to their own rulers." With these flamboyant words the paper closes. Recent writers of weight, however, in discussing this phase of modern Japanese thought, insist upon the essential modernism of the Mikado cult—a growth of yesterday—which its Japanese exponents are wont to read back into the whole national history. If it came at any time to be associated with the militaristic spirit, through a change in the attitude of the sovereign and his immediate advisers, it might work havoc.

Another paper which seems worthy of special notice is the "Western Works of Literature, Religion, and Philosophy Translated and Introduced in Japan" of Professor Togawa. He gives a long list of Russian, French, German, Italian, Polish, Belgian, Scandinavian, and English and American works that have been translated into Japanese; adding that "the authors who in the past decade exercised especially great influence were Turgenieff, Gorky, Ibsen, Hauptmann, and D'Annunzio."

We have noted a few verbal errors, *e. g.*, "*Contrat Sociale*," twice (pp. 203, 204), and "*Kwansai*," for *Kwansei*, "*Gakuin*" (p. 228). An alphabetical index would be an improvement. But on the whole, the papers are couched in excellent English, with only a trace of foreign idiom, and the volume invites careful perusal.

CURRENT FICTION.

Bealby. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is, less successfully, in the vein of Mr. Wells's "Adventures of Mr. Polly." That is, it is comedy pretty well over towards the edge of farce. This represents one side of the writer's surprisingly versatile fancy: he is, Mr. James has recently said, more an "adventurer," more a person travelling with gusto through a world of surprises, and finding everywhere something to his hand, than any of his contemporaries. Bealby is the step-son of an under-gardener on a great English estate. "Shonts" has recently been bought by a parvenu baronet, who is anxious to make himself felt in county society. At the moment when Bealby becomes butler's boy at Shonts, a great Government magnate has been induced by the party whip (who is in the baronet's pay) to put in a week-end at Shonts. A series of outrageous incidents at once begins, involving Bealby, the Lord Chancellor, and a young Capt. Douglas, whose brother unfortunately has a national reputation as a practical joker. The Lord Chancellor—whom Bealby has been doomed to butt in the middle, and thereafter, as supposed ghost, to rob of a night's sleep—lays his mischances at the captain's door. Bealby runs away, and the captain, whose professional career is at stake, runs after him. The pursuit-race which follows is upon sufficiently simple, light-hearted lines: the sort of thing so popular always in the "movies." What makes it anything more than silly is the Wellsian quality of fun which "Mr. Polly" showed at its best.

The Edge. By John Corbin. New York: Duffield & Co.

Mr. Corbin is not a born story-teller, nor has he as yet succeeded in making himself one. Here is a reasonably long novel, which attempts in some manner to sum up the American life of the hour. The scene is that public stage of current Americanism, New York. The persons are a sufficiently varied, and, if you like, representative assortment of men and women; pretty much all sorts and conditions as the writer has known or fancied them. A young married pair hold the central place, for what it may be worth in so miscellaneous a company. The "edge" we take to be one or another critical aspect of the hour. We seem at first to be in for a domestic problem story. How shall young people marry? How shall they afford to have children? What should their mutual relation be? These questions, so much mooted among the novelists just now, are involved in Mr. Corbin's picture of Roger and Mary Jaffray. But matters of broader import presently take the foreground, questions of social and industrial progress or revolution, of morals, of religion. Unluckily, the story does not sufficiently "grip" to make palatable, or easily tolerable, the pages of lecturing in which several of the personæ indulge. Especially guilty is that species of mystical hero, the Parson Van Antwerp, whose harangues contrast strangely with the ultra-slangy medium of speech which prevails elsewhere.

Angela's Business. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mary Austin is quoted as saying: "'Angela's Business' is the only intelligent attempt at the subject which I have ever seen from the hand of man." Sad news for certain British authors! The subject is, almost of course, the woman subject. Mrs. Austin herself has dealt boldly with it, notably in "Love and the Soul-Maker." Mr. Harrison employs a lighter touch, but, though "Angela's Business" is a comedy, it attempts a serious contribution to the current discussion of "woman's sphere." Angela is an old-fashioned woman, the womanly woman of tradition. Her business is supposed to be that of "Home-maker," and as such she for a time almost makes a reactionary of Charles Garrott, who has held and uttered very advanced views of the position of woman. He is an earnest but not mirthless young man, by trade a private tutor, and by ambition a novelist. His most intimate friend among women is Mary Wing, a schoolmistress, who is also becoming known as an educator in the larger sense. She is of the efficient, self-reliant type, an exponent of

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feminine ability as tested by masculine standards. She appears to be in every way unlike her cousin Angela; and there is a period during which Garrott, who has always greatly admired her, finds her at a disadvantage in the comparison—the "Egoette" eternally confuted by the Home-maker. But he presently discovers that Angela's home-making is, in practice, an illusion; that her business is not marriage, but getting married. Her daily pursuit of him in the "Fordette" (and here we go fairly over into farce) confirms his reaction; and he is found, when the right moment comes, discovering, as the reader has discovered long before, that the true womanly woman is much more like Mary Wing than pretty, selfish Angela. Egoines (he might have said, though he did not) were made before Egoettes, and are a far more insidious danger. Mary Wing, of course, turns out to be no Egoette, after all. She gives up her long-planned career; partly for her mother's sake, and partly for the sake of that relatively inefficient male person who had so long fancied himself unnecessary to her—Charles Garrott. She, it appears, is the really womanly woman. Yes, the book is "about" something, but, the unadvanced reader may be glad to feel, that does not matter much: it is a thoroughly amusing story.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The interest in this story is primarily in character; secondarily in the ancient psychological problem of the respective parts played by environment and by heredity in shaping destiny; and to a considerable degree in the West-Country atmosphere of a Devonshire pottery. There are in reality two heroes, the manufacturer who is certain that time, place, and associations are everything in moulding a soul, and the wayward boy, product of the streets and a reformatory, who upsets his theory. Harvey Porter, at seventeen, finds his way to Easterbrook's protection at the Brunel's Tower pottery. He is wrought upon by the manufacturer, and the latter is confident that he is proving in him the possibility of making men as pots are made from clay, when suddenly the hereditary taint crops out. So naturally is the character analyzed that it is impossible to withhold a large measure of sympathy from the emotional youth, whose very sin springs from his efforts to advance the fortunes of his benefactor. At heart he is finely generous and active. Easterbrook, however, a man of rigid stamp, finds so offensive his protégé's attempt to win ill-gotten gains from the pottery that he has no alternative except to throw him aside. The final outcome of the book, however, is happy, and in large measure justifies the old potter in his labors with the pliable Porter. "You take him," his partner says, "like you'd take any other bit of clay, and mould him on your wheel. The old stuff that was warped and crooked, you were grinding afresh; and he was helping you himself. If a bit of crooked stuff still remained, it was natural." Such an outline gives but a faint idea of the full action of the book, and none of its varied stage of subsidiary characters. In places the workshop obtrudes, and the narrative is too long; but the author's ability is all that it was in his earlier books.

A Lover's Tale. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The conception of the Icelandic world, and of the character of the skald in particular, is here Mr. Hewlett's own, and a remarkable conception it is. Poetry is not lacking in the picture, in spite of the fact that the outline of the story is but a sublimation of polyandry. It is poetry as abnormal as Mr. Hewlett's interpretation of the psychology out of which grew the skald hero's strange conduct. In the vigorous and manly old saga of Cormac, as related in the "Origines Islandicæ," a spell was cast upon Cormac, lover of Stangerd, by which his mind was so changed that he no longer wished to marry her. Having initially portrayed Cormac as a moon-gazing fellow, uncertain of his own desires and actions, Mr. Hewlett's version casts aside the crude device of the spell, and makes Cormac one who, through excess of delicacy, decides simply that "it is better to think of kissing Stangerd than to kiss her." Of different stuff is the good-natured but downright Berse, who not only decides that he wishes Stangerd, but boldly carries her off in marriage. Cormac assents to the arrangement, having come to the further conclusion that the woman is too beautiful to be one man's wife—a conclusion in which she later joins him, by repudiating Berse. There is fancifulness in the story, clever paraphrase of Icelandic singing, and much merit of style. But Berse remains the only character true to his full-blooded environment and time, and the short narrative is tedious in the infrequent spots where it is not unreal.

The Veils of Isis. By Frank Harris. New York: George H. Doran Co.

In reviewing Mr. Harris's latest volume of short sketches one may concede him every quality that should go to the construction of this form of literature except one. They are clever, imaginative, admirable in technique, uniformly well written. The one quality that they lack is that of healthiness. There is nothing immoral in them, still less anything indecent, but almost without exception the sketches in this volume leave one with a desire to get out of doors and breathe in a draught of fresh air. An odor as of a strong, enervating perfume seems to cling around them. One does not always know exactly where it is; one cannot take the bottle and fling it out of the window; but it is there, tainting the atmosphere, a decadent, exotic scent that is inescapable. Mr. Harris's psychological analysis is often acute, but, presumably believing that soul and body are inseparable, in making it he is fond of calling to his assistance the sister science of physiology. We believe that any normal person reading, for example, "The Veils of Isis," "Isaac and Rebecca," or "A Daughter of Eve" in this volume will appreciate what we mean in characterizing the book as unhealthy. In a different vein is "The Ugly Duckling," an allegorical sketch, which is well enough written, but not readily understandable unless one assumes that it is to be interpreted in the light of the author's own Odyssey.

Blue Blood and Red. By Geoffrey Corson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

This is the kind of book which one admits to be "well written," and yet sets down with the feeling that it need not have been written at all. So little, in the upshot, does "workmanship" count, in default of the gusto and freshness and natural vigor of creative work. This story-teller has a good style; that is, a finished and pleasant way of putting things. And the substance or "plot" of his tale is good enough, though anything but novel. Here we have the emotional and well-meaning youth of good family, hesitating between two possible mates, one the worldly and rich daughter of his own class, the other the beautiful and good and wise but plebeian damsel whose blood is merely red. Here we find him, as usual, making the wrong choice, imprisoning himself in a loveless and childless marriage, struggling for a long time to deal honestly with the situation, and at last "falling" in company with the party of the second part. Worldly wife divorces hapless husband, who promptly marries the mother of his child. This final item of his conduct will betray the fact that the story is not, as might otherwise have been supposed, written by an Englishman. No current British novelist in good standing would permit his hero an exit so banal.

JAMES AND BERGSON.

William James and Henri Bergson: A Study in Contrasting Theories of Life. By Horace M. Kallen. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $1.50 net.

It was characteristic of William James that his appreciations of the work of Bergson were so generous, and his emphasis upon his points of agreement with that philosopher was so forcible, as to produce a rather widespread belief that his later doctrine was close akin to, if not largely derived from, the teachings of his French contemporary. It is the thesis of the present volume that the two philosophies resemble each other only superficially and in minor details; that in the essentials of their method and in their resultant general conclusions they are at opposite poles of the philosophical firmament; that, while Bergson's system merely continues, with a difference, an ancient and familiar philosophical tradition, James's doctrine is genuinely novel and even revolutionary; and that it is James who gives us the true as well as the new insight. The book

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is, in short, an essay in the re-statement and vindication of the philosophy of William James in the light of its contrast with Bergsonism.

It is, however, to be noted that about several of the theses which James advanced under the name of pragmatism his disciple has little or nothing to say. "The dominant interest of pragmatic thinkers," Mr. Kallen tells us, has by this time shifted from the original pragmatic formulas about the nature and criterion of truth to certain other doctrines of James's which are more fundamental—"to the *radical empiricism* and *tychism* from which, in fact, pragmatic method naturally flows." Since the author thus professes to find the deeper import of pragmatism in "radical empiricism," it is curious to observe that, plainly, but it would seem unconsciously, he defines the two as contradictories; so that, if pragmatism were true, radical empiricism would be impossible, and radical empiricism, if actually held by any one, would give the lie to the pragmatic view of the nature and function of philosophy. For, according to Mr. Kallen, pragmatism "is not merely a new name for old ways of thinking; it is a new name for *all* ways of thinking." All thought is controlled and biassed by the desire of the thinker; and this is conspicuously evident in the case of philosophical systems. They "harness the universe in the lines of some preferred order, making it more akin to man and more amenable to his interests." The philosopher and the artist "have this in common: they both ingest an existence alien in its nature to the human mind, and they both recreate it, giving it color and form which the soul desires but does not find." In speculation, according to pragmatism, no less than in religion and in science, man is about the one business of which he is capable, he is endeavoring "to save himself rather than to see." But we are assured, almost upon the same page, that radical empiricism is wholly free from bias. It treats all the actual data of experience as equals; its aim is "to describe reality as it comes to cognition, before it has been worked on to satisfy our needs or remodelled to serve our interests." James was the spokesman of the refractory and brute fact; his philosophy alone "knows no favorites," and "admits into reality, without making over, evil as well as good, inhuman as well as human, plurality as well as unity, chance and novelty as well as order and law." Thus the founder of pragmatism was the first non-pragmatic philosopher in history, furnishing in his own way of thinking the exception which falsifies his generalization about all ways of thinking.

Mr. Kallen, whose book has some of the qualities of a work of art, deals, at all events, with James's teaching in much the fashion in which he supposes the other systems to deal with reality; he selects from it the elements which can be welded into a harmonious whole, and insists that the philosophy of pluralism was itself a strictly unified philosophy. This, certainly, is an illusion bred of Mr. Kallen's magnanimous but somewhat over-devout attitude of discipleship. Most philosophers have done their thinking under the influence of a number of distinct dialectical motives, or propensities in reasoning, often highly diverse in their origin and their tendency, and sometimes wholly incongruous. In William James's mind this multiplicity and conflict of operative logical and emotional factors was especially marked. The only sound method in the study of an individual philosopher begins by discriminating and enumerating these separable, though not always consciously separated, strains in the philosopher's thought. Whatever inner unity of spirit may run through them should not less be sought for and made explicit. But the existence of such a unity cannot safely be assumed; and it is even prejudicial to a patiently inductive analysis for the expositor to be in haste to discover such a single unifying principle. This circumspect method Mr. Kallen can scarcely be said to have followed; and therefore, failing to apprehend sufficiently the imperfectly systematized many-sidedness and the rich incongruities of James's reflection, he does not quite succeed in bringing before us the actual inner stresses and movement and life of it.

The supposition of a close affinity between James's philosophy and Bergson's is due chiefly to their apparent agreement upon three points. Both seem to present a radically temporalistic and evolutionary account of the universe; both assert the "pragmatic" character of ordinary cognition; and both find the true nature of reality in the "immediate data of consciousness," and conceive this reality to be rather disguised than revealed by the "methods of conceptual thought." Mr. Kallen shows neatly that by their identical affirmations the two philosophers mean essentially different things; that James holds each of these doctrines genuinely and literally, while Bergson holds them only in a form in which they are distorted and even nullified by their conjunction with ideas drawn from an alien tradition. With respect to these three principles, in short, James's philosophy represents the real thing, while Bergson's may almost be said to be a sort of caricaturing shadow of it.

Thus, as the author points out—and as others have pointed out before him—Bergson's professed temporalism begins by so completely "denaturing" the idea of time as to make it, in the last analysis, indistinguishable from the "eternity" of the Neo-Platonists and the modern transcendentalists. Again, in asserting the purely practical significance of the "intellect," that is, of scientific knowledge, Bergson—observes Mr. Kallen, once more in agreement with several other critics—intends to disparage that faculty, in comparison with a supposed organ of supersensible and superlogical knowledge, called intuition; whereas James, so far from proposing a method for philosophy distinct from that of science rightly understood, seeks rather to extend the method of science into philosophy. Bergson's so-called pragmatism, in other words, means that "the true is the opposite of the useful," while James's means that "the very essence of truth is utility." Finally—and this is for Mr. Kallen the deepest difference between the two philosophers—the "immediacy" which Bergson so eloquently celebrates is not, except in name, the concrete immediacy of ordinary experience, but the refined and eviscerated "immediacy" of the mystic. From what Bergson calls "immediate experience" he insists upon excising *ab initio* the internal structure, the relations and oppositions and real transitions; everything must be made continuous, and even interpenetrative, until at last, in the completest and frankest statements of the Bergsonian metaphysics, we have before us nothing more or less than the ineffable and indivisible One of Neo-Platonism. James, on the other hand, finds relations both transitive and disjunctive, discontinuities, jolts, the irreducible plurality of things and their blank externality to one another, to be a part of the immediately *given* stuff of experience; and an intuition which attempts by a *salto mortale* to transcend all this would to him seem to carry us even more hopelessly away from reality than do the kindred but more patient efforts of rationalistic metaphysics to read into the raw facts a degree of coherency and logical tidiness which they do not empirically disclose.

It is in the working out of this last contrast that the most original and instructive part of Mr. Kallen's book consists. He overlooks, indeed, some incongruities and fluctuations in James's ideas upon the point in question; but for the latest and, one may fairly say, the most characteristic phase of James's thought the contrast in the main holds good. Chiefly in connection with this central antithesis the author, in his concluding chapter, interestingly outlines the opinions of the two philosophers concerning "divinity—its nature and its rôle in human affairs" and concerning "the origin and destiny of man." The book is not, and perhaps was not meant to be, an altogether adequate analysis of William James's thought and of its relation to contemporary philosophy; but the comparison to which the volume is primarily devoted is executed penetratingly and convincingly.

On the other hand, Mr. Kallen's defence of the radical empiricism and pluralism in which he finds the kernel of James's doctrine is too slight and too dogmatic to make much impression upon those not already persuaded. It consists, indeed, in great part, merely in that malicious imputation of non-logical motives—to all philosophers but one—which the author deduces from the principle of pragmatism, the truth of that principle being assumed. The fact, of course, is that nearly all of the philosophers, whatever their secret motives, have professedly been attempting, not to gratify pathological cravings for a unified or elevated or consoling vision of the universe, but to trace out logically inescapable implications of "the data of immediate experience." They have, for

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example, as a rule held it possible to show that the manifold modes of relatedness which, as the radical empiricist concedes, inform our immediate experience, have their character and meaning falsified if they are not recognized as involving existences, of one sort or of another, which transcend the immediacy of that experience.

Those who are wont to philosophize after this fashion—of which Mr. Kallen manifests very little understanding—are unlikely to be convinced by any arguments for the philosophy of "pure experience" which he offers. They are even unlikely to be convinced that it was not after this fashion that William James sometimes philosophized. And they may, to conclude, complain of the author that he never makes it wholly clear whether he conceives James's chief doctrine to have been merely that *all* of the immediate data of experience enter, without transmutation or suppression, into the make-up of reality, or that *nothing but* the immediate data of experience enter into the make-up of reality. There are in metaphysics no two doctrines more significantly different than these.

DISPUTATIOUS REMINISCENCES.

The Church Revival. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4.50 net.

Few names are better known in the English ecclesiastical, literary, and social world than that of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould. The present volume, with the exception of the introductory chapters containing a synopsis of the history of the Church in England from the death of Henry VIII to the Hanoverian and Victorian periods, consists of his reminiscences, written with a view to publication after his death, but printed now, as he explains in a preface, from a sense of duty, and as an encouragement to churchmen of his own way of thinking. How much he has helped his cause by adopting this course remains to be proved, but he has given a striking demonstration of moral courage. He can readily be believed when he says that his outspoken opinions will hurt many near relatives and friends.

That the book is intensely disputatious is a matter of obvious necessity. Only the high churchmen will read it with unmitigated approval. To the clergy of other denominations it will be disagreeable or positively offensive in varying degrees. The sketch of Church history up to the Victorian era is an admirable bit of lucid and learned condensation and, considered as a theological thesis, an excellent brief. All students of Church history will read with interest, if not always with approval, the author's explanations of the origin and development, within and without the establishment, of the various sects commonly grouped under the general term "Protestant." He ascribes their vagaries largely—the theory, of course, is no new one—to the vast influx, at various times, of refugees of different creeds from the European Continent, Scotland, and Ireland—Calvinists, Lutherans, Conforming Romanists, Zwinglians, Presbyterians, and what not—and his description of the part they played in the construction of the great body of nonconformity shows considerable acumen and research. And he brings to the illumination of a somewhat dry topic a most spirited style.

But it is to the Whig Ministries of the late Georgian and Victorian periods and the subservient episcopacy that he ascribes the spineless and unspiritual condition of the Church of England. Upon these functionaries he pours out the choicest vials of his contemptuous wrath. The statesmen he represents as designedly appointing latitudinarian bishops, with the view of gaining the political support of the non-conformists, while the prelates habitually sacrificed their consciences, their prerogatives, and their clergy for the sake of place and plenty. Of the Church itself, its ineffectiveness, indifference, degradation, and heretical tendencies, he draws a vivid and doleful picture. And his strictures become more severe when he deals with his own contemporaries. His comments upon such men as Palmerston, Lord Shaftesbury, Archbishops Tait, Sumner, and Thompson, Bishops Blomfield, Ellicott, and Claughton, Dean Stanley, and many others, make what Horace Greeley used to call mighty interesting reading. No doubt some of the abuses which some of them practiced, or winked at, were flagrant. He arraigns them chiefly for their willingness to submit to the civil authority in matters spiritual, and, as the event proved, the Crown clearly transgressed its constitutional powers, or tried to, with the Privy Council Committee and Lord Penzance's court. Some of the examples which he quotes of episcopal tyranny have an almost incredible sound to-day.

For Baring-Gould, and many other earnest priests, light came with the Tractarians and the Oxford Movement. In his refutation of Papal claims and curt rejection of Papal infallibility and other dogmas he summarizes familiar arguments with the skill of the trained and fully equipped advocate. But he is a courteous and intellectual opponent. He reserves his most caustic satire for his professed coreligionists who ignore or deny the principles to which they have sworn allegiance in their ordination vows. With nonconformists, of course, he is in disagreement, but has no word of censure, honoring honest conviction and conceding its rights; with Evangelicals he sympathizes, and acknowledges that in some respects they have set examples which rigid churchmen might imitate with profit; but for the broad churchman, who is, in fact, a Unitarian, he can find no shadow of an excuse.

He devotes much space, of course, to the tribulations of the early ritualists, and to the courage and endurance displayed by them in the face of episcopal, governmental, and popular opposition, and draws a vivid picture of their devotion amid the horrors of cholera in 1849. All that is ancient history and need not be reviewed. And he has an interesting analysis of the causes which led to the secession of Newman, Manning, and others during that time of trial. The chief responsibility he lays upon the bishops who failed in their duty as shepherds of their flocks. Similarly he accords to the spiritual zeal of individual clergy the chief credit for the success that has attended the Church Revival in later years, while acknowledging the aid rendered by more conscientious and enlightened bishops. Of the future of the higher churchmanship he takes an optimistic view, although he notes regretfully that with the cessation of persecution a certain slackness is replacing the former enthusiasm. Hence the present appearance of a work which he meant to be posthumous.

It is an inspiriting and well-written book, and is especially notable for the copiousness and aptitude of its Shakespearean quotations, its humorous and effective satire, and its wealth of felicitous anecdote.

A MOST UPRIGHT JUDGE.

Recollections of Bar and Bench. By Viscount Alverstone. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

In legal biography England is very rich. For a judge to retire without writing his reminiscences would be almost as irregular as to retire without taking his pension. It is thus a kind of obligation to his profession which the former Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, has discharged in this volume. It is a record of enormous industry. The author attributes his success more to good fortune than to high talents, but he had at least the talent for hard work. It was only a slight humorous exaggeration in Sir Frank Lockwood to picture Richard Webster going to bed with his boots on, so as not to interrupt the study of his cases. Of these he had a great number during his career as a barrister. A good index of the intensity with which he gave himself to his law practice is furnished by his quiet statement that "for two separate periods of ten months, I had a case every day from October 12th till August 12th." His range was wide—railway litigation, Admiralty, criminal law, and, especially, compensation and arbitration cases.

The record which he here sets down is mostly of a dry legal sort. He refers to the principal cases in which he appeared; tells of his work as Attorney-General and as Lord Chief Justice; discusses the question of criminal appeal, and the advisability of uniting the two branches of the legal profession in England—solicitors and barristers. But he has one chapter on People I Have Known, and intersperses an occasional anecdote. One that he says is new of Frank Lockwood, relates to that witty counsel's examination of a man charged with cruelty to his wife, and, specifically, with cutting her head open with a book. "Well," said the man, "all I can say is that we had a few words, and I was turning over the leaves of a book, when it flew out of my hand." Lockwood interposed: "From a circulating library, I suppose."

Lord Alverstone took part in two great in-

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ternational arbitrations, the Behring Sea, and the Alaska Boundary. In the former he was of British counsel, in the latter an arbitrator. As such he was the "odd man" who decided the case in behalf of the American, and against the Canadian, contention. Of this remarkable and highly honorable action, Lord Alverstone simply says that he was constrained by "a sense of my duty to my position," in which he was bound to act "purely in a judicial capacity." At these arbitrations, and in other ways, he made the acquaintance of a number of American lawyers and public men, to whom he refers in agreeable terms. He twice speaks of Senator *Oliver* Lodge, an easily explained heterophemy. Altogether, the "Recollections" bear the stamp of a man seldom vivacious, whom it is hard to think of as ever really relaxing, but clear-headed, hard-working, unpretentious, upright.

Spring Announcements

THE PUBLISHERS' OWN SELECTIONS OF OUTSTANDING VOLUMES OF THE SEASON.

With the idea of affording a synoptic view of the range and general tendencies of the output of American publishers for the spring season, the *Nation* has invited leading publishing houses to communicate a selection of what they consider the outstanding works of their spring lists. The selection was limited to a maximum of six books, of which it was requested that not more than two should be fiction. An analysis of the result of the publishers' selection is interesting as a fair reflex of the trend of public interest. It may be noticed, in the first place, that almost every publisher of fiction takes advantage of the opportunity to include his two foremost novels of the season. Apart from fiction, books dealing with the war occupy the place of most prominence. Next, as though the war, while limiting one's movements, had at the same time aroused increased interest in foreign lands, we have works of travel. American history and economics figure prominently; the drama is well represented, and the increasing output of verse, which has been an interesting feature of the past few publishing seasons, is reflected in this list. The selections made by publishers who have replied to the *Nation's* request follow:

The Yale University Press:

"Conservation of Water by Storage," by George Fillmore Swain; "Bracton: De Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ," edited by George E. Woodbine; "Dante's Divine Comedy", translated by Henry Johnson; "Poems," by Brian Hooker; "Undercurrents in American Politics," by Arthur Twining Hadley; "The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching," by George Wharton Pepper.

Sturgis & Walton Company:

"New and Old France: An Ideal Tour," by Francis Miltoun; "The Orthocratic State," by John Sherwin Crosby; "Pillars of Smoke": Manuscripts Found in the Papers of Katherine Peshconet and edited by her Executor, Olive Ransom, anonymous, new edition; "Debating for Boys," by William Horton Foster; "An Agricultural Reader," by E. E. Miller; "The High School: A Study in Origin and Tendencies," by Frank Webster Smith.

John Lane Company:

"With the German Armies in the West," by Sir Sven Hedin; "What Pictures to See in America," by Mrs. L. M. Bryant; "Panama and Other Poems," by Stephen Phillips; "War and World Government," by Dr. Frank Crane; "Jaffery," by William J. Locke; "The Genius," by Theodore Dreiser.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

"Germany Embattled," by Oswald Garrison Villard; "The French in the Heart of America," by John Finley; "The Little Man and Other Satires," by John Galsworthy; "Outdoor Sketching," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "New Cosmopolis," by James Huneker; "The Seven Darlings," by Gouverneur Morris.

The Page Company:

"Pollyanna Grows Up," by Eleanor H. Porter; "Anne of the Island," by L. M. Montgomery; "The Spell of Southern Shores," by Caroline Atwater Mason; "The Spell of the Holy Land," by Archie Bell; "The Spell of Flanders," by Edward Neville Vose; "Kultur Cartoons," by Will Dyson.

The Egerton Press, Philadelphia:

"Good English: A Practical Manual of Correct Speaking and Writing," by John Louis Haney.

Paul Elder & Company:

"Bohemian San Francisco," by Clarence E. Edwords; "A tale from the Rainbow Land," by Katherine M. Yates; "Verses from Many Seas," by Fred Warner Carpenter; "Our Widening Thought of God," by Dr. Charles Sumner Nash.

Dodd, Mead & Company:

"The Pretender," by Robert W. Service; "Loneliness?" by Robert Hugh Benson; "At the Furthest Front," by Robert Dunn; "Psychology and Parenthood," by H. Addington Bruce; "Bramble-Bees and Others," J. Henri Fabre.

Mitchell Kennerley:

"Mountain Blood: A Novel," by Joseph Hergesheimer; "The Great War: The Second Phase," by Frank H. Simonds; "Adventures Among Birds," by W. H. Hudson; "Contemporary Portraits," by Frank Harris; "One Man: A Novel," by Robert Steele; "The Lonely Way," "Interlude," "Countess Mizzi," by Arthur Schnitzler; introduction by Edwin Björkman.

Columbia University Press:

"Law and Its Administration," by Harlan F. Stone; "Origin and Meaning of Some Fundamental Earth Structures," by Charles P. Berkey; "Hellenic Civilization," by G. W. Botsford; "The Ballade," by Helen Louise Cohen; "The Life and Romances of Mrs. Eliza Haywood," by George F. Whicher; "The History of Tyre," by Wallace B. Fleming.

The University of Chicago Press:

"The Modern Study of Literature," by Richard Green Moulton; "Senescence and Rejuvenescence," by Charles Manning Child; "University of Chicago Sermons," by members of the University faculties; "Religious Education in the Family," by Henry F. Cope; "The City Institute for Religious Teachers," by Walter S. Athearn; "The Bixby Gospels," by Edgar Johnson Goodspeed.

Sewanee Theological Library:

"The Doctrine of the Church," by the Rev. A. C. A. Hall; "The Book of Common Prayer," second edition, revised, by the Rev. Samuel Hart; "Apologetics," by the general editor; "Manual of Early Ecclesiastical History," by the Rev. Charles L. Wells; "Church History: Mediæval and Modern," by the Rev. Wilson Lloyd Bevan.

University of California Press:

"History of the Western Boundary of the Louisiana Purchase," by T. M. Marshall; "Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century," by Herbert E. Bolton.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

"Patricia," by Edith H. Fowler; "The Keeper of the Door," by Ethel M. Dell; "Alsace and Lorraine," by Ruth Putnam; "The Origins of the War," by J. Holland Rose; "In the Oregon Country," by George Palmer Putnam; "The Evidence in the Case," by James M. Beck; Introduction by Joseph Choate; second edition.

Harvard University Press:

"Chaucer and His Poetry," by George Lyman Kittredge; "Mediæval Spanish Allegory," by Chandler Rathfon Post; "Some Aspects of the Tariff Question," by Frank William Taussig; "The Trust Problem," by Edward Dana Durand; "Essays in Social Justice," by Thomas Nixon Carver; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by William Bennett Munro.

The Macmillan Company:

"A Far Country," by Winston Churchill; "The Harbor," by Ernest Poole; "Spoon River Anthology," by Edgar L. Masters; "Russia and the World," by Stephen Graham; "America and her Problems," by Paul Benjamin D'Estournelles de Constant; "Modern Religious Movements in India," by J. N. Farquhar.

Houghton Mifflin Company:

"The Diplomacy of the War of 1914," Vol. I, "The Beginning of the War," by Ellery C. Stowell; "The Riverside History of the United States," Vol. I, "Beginnings of the American People," by Carl Becker; Vol. II, "Union and Democracy," by Allen Johnson; Vol. III, "Expansion and Conflict," by W. E. Dodd; Vol. IV, "The New Nation," by F. L. Paxson; "Criticisms of Life: Studies in Faith, Hope, and Despair," by Horace J. Bridges; "The Chief Contemporary Dramatists," by Thomas H. Dickinson; "Four Weeks in the Trenches," by Fritz Kreisler; "Angela's Business," by Henry Sydnor Harrison.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

"The Home of the Blizzard," by Sir Douglas Mawson; "How Belgium Saved Europe," by Dr. Charles Sarolea; "Miranda," by Grace L. H. Lutz; "The Rose-Garden Husband," by Margaret Widdemer; "Productive Advertising," by H. W. Hess; "Famous Days and Deeds in Holland and Belgium," by Charles Morris.

The American-Scandinavian Foundation:

Strindberg's "Master Olof," translated by Edwin Björkman, with an introduction by the translator; "Lyrics," by Björnstjerne Björnson, translated by Prof. Arthur Hubbell Palmer.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

"The Man of Iron," by Richard Dehan; "Still Jim," by Honoré Willsie; "A Belgian Christmas Eve," by Alfred Noyes; "What Women Want," by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale; "Painless Childbirth," by Marguerite Tracy and Mary Boyd; "Stultitia," Anonymous.

B. W. Huebsch:

"Sanine," by Michael Artzibashef, translated by Percy Pinkerton; "Dramatic Works of

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Gerhart Hauptmann," Vol. V; "The Modern Drama: An Essay in Interpretation," by Ludwig Lewisohn; "The Happiness of Nations," by James MacKaye; "The Beloved," by James Oppenheim; "Reflections on Violence," by Georges Sorel, translated by T. E. Hulme.

Ginn & Company:

"Typical Newspaper Stories," by H. F. Harrington; "Psychology of High School Subjects," by Charles Hubbard Judd; "The Essentials of Agriculture," by H. J. Waters; "The Apple," by A. E. Wilkinson; "Hague Arbitration Cases," by George G. Wilson; "The Novel Before the Nineteenth Century," by Annette B. Hopkins and Helen S. Hughes.

G. Schirmer:

"Early Opera in America," by O. G. Sonneck; "Fairyland," by Horatio Parker (the opera which won the $10,000 prize offered by The National Federation of Music Clubs for an opera in English by an American composer; this work will have its first performance some time in June in Los Angeles); "Six Piano Compositions," by Enriques Granados; "Compositions," by Percy Aldridge Grainger.

Outing Publishing Company:

"In the Old West," by George Frederick Ruxton; "Castaways and Crusoes: Narratives of Men Who Lived Among Savages"; "Captives Among the Indians: Personal Records"; "The Marine Motor," by Lieut. Frank W. Sterling; "Pistol and Revolver Shooting," by A. L. A. Himmelwright; "Practical Dog Breeding," by Williams Haynes.

A. C. McClurg & Company:

"The Boss of the Lazy Y," by Charles Alden Seltzer; "The Return of Tarzan," by Edgar Rice Burroughs; "The Song," by George P. Upton; "Peace Insurance," by Richard Stockton, jr.; "Germany's Isolation: An Exposition of the Economic Causes of the War," by Paul Rohrbach, translated by Paul H. Phillipson; "Aircraft in the Great War," by Grahame White and Harry Harper.

Laird & Lee:

"Machine Shop Practice," by H. P. Manly; "Practical Electrical Dictionary," by H. P. Manly; "The Squirrel's Pilgrim's Progress," by J. D. Williams; "Laird & Lee's Standard English-Danish-Norwegian, Danish-Norwegian-English Dictionary," by Prof. Henry Nissen.

The Century Company:

"The House of the Misty Star," by Fannie Caldwell Macaulay; "The Sword of Youth," by James Lane Allen; "Pan-Americanism," by Roland G. Usher; "Arms and the Race," by R. M. Johnston; "South of Panama," by Prof. Edward Alsworth Ross; "The World Crisis and Beyond," by Edwin Davies Schoonmaker.

Harper & Brothers:

"The Turmoil," by Booth Tarkington; "Johnny Appleseed," by Eleanor Atkinson; "The Spanish Dependencies in South America," by Prof. Bernard Moses; "When a Man Comes to Himself," by Woodrow Wilson; "The Key to the Land," by Frederick L. Rockwell; "Plays of the Pioneers," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

George H. Doran Company:

"Paths of Glory: Impressions of the War," by Irvin S. Cobb; "The Theatre of Ideas," by Henry Arthur Jones; "The Lie," by Henry Arthur Jones; "Making the Most of One's Mind," by Dr. John Adams; "The Valley of Fear," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; "Red Fleece," by Will Levington Comfort.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

"The Honey Bee," by Samuel Merwin; "A History of Travel in America," by Seymour Dunbar; "The American Army," by William Harding Carter; "America in Ferment," by Paul Leland Haworth; "The Old Times," by James Whitcomb Riley; "The Use of Money," by Edwin Kirkpatrick.

Oxford University Press:

"The Oxford Books of American Essays," chosen by Brander Matthews; American College and University Series: "Columbia," by Frederick Paul Keppel; "Princeton," by Varnum Lansing Collins; "Harvard," by John Hays Gardiner; "The Growth of English Drama," by Arnold Wynne; "Representative English Dramas from Dryden to Sheridan," by Frederick and James W. Tupper; "Homogeneous Linear Substitutions," by Harold Hilton; "Electricity in Gases," by J. S. Townsend.

Richard G. Badger:

"The Next Generation," by Frederick A. Rhodes; "It Happened at Atlantic City," by Thomas B. Senger; "Sanpriel," by Alvilde Prydz; "The Submerged," by Maxim Gorki; "Trends of Thought and Christian Truths," by John A. W. Haas; "Letters from Prison," by Bouck White.

Duffield & Company:

"War and the Ideal of Peace," by Henry Rutgers Marshall; "The Edge," by John Corbin; "The Will to Live," by Henry Bordeaux; "The Log of a Timber Cruiser," by William Pinkney Lawson; "The Emancipation of the American City," by Walter Tallmadge Arndt; "The Emerald Story Book," by Ada and Eleanor Skinner.

Broadway Publishing Company:

"John McCullough as Man, Actor, and Spirit," by Susie M. Clark; "The Patriotic Societies of the United States, Their Origin, Purposes, History, and Standards of Membership"; "The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army: Experiences of a Confederate Nurse, 1861-65" (Autobiographical), by Ella K. Neusome Trader; "Fables for the Frivolous," by Sylvia Marchant Phillips; "The Story of Edah," by Mary Ruth Evans; "Under the Spell of the Firs," by Annabell Jerome.

Funk & Wagnalls Company:

"Memories of Forty Years," by Princess Katherine Radziwill; "The Conquering Jew," by John Foster Fraser; "Chinese Pottery and Porcelain," by R. L. Hobson, 2 volumes; "The Berlin Court under William II," by Count Axel von Schwering; "Essentials of English Speech and Literature," by Frank H. Vizetelly; Funk & Wagnalls Desk Standard Dictionary, Abridged from the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary.

Henry Holt & Company:

"Blue Blood and Red," by Geoffrey Corson; "Hillsboro People," by Dorothy Canfield; "North of Boston," poems by Robert Frost; "History of American Diplomacy," by Carl Russell Fish; "The Negro," by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; "German Philosophy and German Politics," by John Dewey.

American Book Company:

"Cowles and Coulter's Spring Flora," by Henry C. Cowles and John Gaylord Coulter; "A Brief Laboratory Course in Physical Geography," by Lu Lester Everly, Ralph E. Blount, and Calvin L. Walton; "A High School Spelling Book," by Arthur W. Leonard and Claude M. Fuess; "Robbins's New Plane Geometry," by Sidney Rutledge Robbins; "Elements of Government," by Arndt M. Stickles; "Rural Life and the Rural School," by Joseph Kennedy.

D. C. Heath & Company:

Wells and Hart's "Geometry"; Miller's "Analytic Mechanics"; Towle and Jenks's "Cæsar with Selections for Sight Reading"; Woolley's "Written English"; Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," in the Arden series, revised by W. Strunk, jr.; Bachman's "Principles of Education."

D. Appleton & Company:

"Young Earnest," by Gilbert Cannan; "Open Market," by Josephine Daskam Bacon; "Through Central Africa," by James Barnes; "Character and Temperament," by Joseph Jastrow; "Sanitation in Panama," by William Crawford Gorgas; "Lower Living Costs in Cities," by Clyde Lyndon King.

Doubleday, Page & Company:

"Victory," by Joseph Conrad; "Love Letters of a Divorced Couple," by William Farquhar Payson; "The Rediscovered Country," by Stewart Edward White; "To-morrow's Topics," by Dr. Robert T. Morris; "The Shoes of Happiness," by Edwin Markham; "Patrie," by Victorien Sardou.

Moffat, Yard & Company:

"The Games of Empires," by Edward S. Van Zile; "Jim," by Reginald Wright Kauffman; "Mothers' Day," by Robert Haven Schauffler; "Shakespeare on the Stage," by William Winter; "Memories and Milestones," by John Jay Chapman; "In a Moment of Time," by Reginald Wright Kauffman.

Notes

The Selden Society continues to publish the sources of English law, and notwithstanding the war, expects to furnish its subscribers for 1915 with the usual volume and an extra volume. The regular publication will be the "Year Books of 5 Edward II," edited by William C. Bolland. The Society hopes to issue as an extra volume, "Public Works in Mediæval Law," edited by Cyril Flower. Other publications in course of preparation are the following: "Select Cases before the King's Council," by Prof. James F. Baldwin; other volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II"; a volume of "Select Ecclesiastical Pleas," by Harold D. Hazeltine; an edition of the "Liber Pauperum," of Vacarius, by F. de Zulueta; a second volume of "Public Works in Mediæval Law," by Cyril Flower; a volume of "Select Entries from the Court Books of Chartered Companies," by Cecil T. Carr; a volume of "Select Cases from the Exchequer of Pleas," by Hilary Jenkinson.

The two newest publications of the Russell Sage Foundation embody studies of the so-called Middle West Side of New York city, a tenement district of eighty blocks between Thirty-fourth and Fifty-fourth Streets along the Hudson. Katharine Anthony's report on "Mothers Who Must Earn" ($2 net) is of particular value to students of mothers' pensions, and contains an historical sketch of the territory; Ruth S. True's "Boyhood and Lawlessness, and the Neglected Girl" ($2 net) is a careful treatment of juvenile crime in this part of New York.

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The romantic career of John Ross, and the tragic record of the Cherokee Indians from the time of their dispossession in Georgia to the close of the Civil War in Indian Territory, a period of thirty years, during which Ross was their chief, is the subject of a book by Mrs. Rachel Eaton ("John Ross and the Cherokee Indians"; Banta Publishing Company). Ross's activities in Washington have left a great deal of interesting material concerning him accessible, and the author lays claim to the advantage of lifelong converse with the fireside historians of the Cherokee race.

Any one looking for a comprehensive analysis of unemployment—its extent, its causes, and the public and private means of relieving it—will find in Francis A. Kellor's "Out of Work" (Putnam; $1.50 net) a book searching and practical, and freshly alive to the newest facts. Its directness of tone and absence of the academic have grown naturally out of the writer's long experience with the labor market, the immigrant, and agencies of social betterment. While more generalization might be useful, there is a dynamic practicality, in specific suggestions for aid, which may be profitably considered by every industry and employer and every public official. These suggestions, centring upon a proposed Federal-city system of labor exchanges, are properly offered as a merely tentative programme.

Tourists who want an intimate introduction to the people and local color of the Far West will find no better supplement to the ordinary guide-book than Clifton Johnson's "Highways and Byways of California" (Macmillan; $1.50 net), an "Exposition edition" of his "Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast." Besides California, his itinerary led him through Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, Washington, and Oregon. Every chapter is filled with talk—not suggestive, but often historically interesting—of guides, Mexicans, old Yosemite hunters, pioneer miners, or Columbia River fishers. As in other volumes of the Highways and Byways series, there are brief directions for the leisurely traveller; in a revision for the visitor to the Exposition these might well have been expanded, and certain misprints should have been corrected.

Through the generosity of ex-Senator George Peabody Wetmore, of Rhode Island, the Massachusetts Historical Society is enabled to print in the seventh series of its collections two volumes of commercial correspondence, under the title, "Commerce of Rhode Island, 1726-1800," the first of which, carrying the subject to 1774, has been issued recently by the Society. The second volume, now in preparation, will appear in the course of another year or two. The story of the discovery of these papers in the attic of an old house in Newport and of their threatened dispersal through the joint activities of a house-wrecker and an auctioneer, adds but one more instance to the many that illustrate the difficulties attending the preservation of valuable historical documents. The losses that have already been incurred of commercial papers belonging to business houses of the past in America is very great; nevertheless many boxes and bundles of material similar to that here printed must still remain in the possession of the descendants of old-time planters, merchants, and storekeepers, doubtless in some cases, as in that of the Newport papers, unknown to the actual occupants of the houses in which they are stored. Such material, composed largely of correspondence, letter books, account books, ledgers, vouchers, instructions, agreements, and the like, is likely at any time to be scattered or destroyed, through the carelessness or ignorance of the possessors, or through the mistaken belief that material of this character, seemingly dry and uninteresting, is of no importance to the historian. If the issue of these volumes at the hands of so distinguished a body as the Massachusetts Historical Society shall have the effect of calling attention to the historical usefulness of this kind of material, one desirable end will have been attained.

The correspondence printed in the volume before us is comparatively meagre for the period before 1765, but full and satisfactory for the years from 1765 to 1774. Three chief groups appear: the Antigua correspondence of the Redwood family, 1726-1762; the letters received and other papers of the merchant, Aaron Lopez, a Portuguese Jew, 1756-1774; and the similar papers of the house of Champlin, 1759-1774, all doing business in Newport. The first group concerns almost exclusively a trade between Rhode Island, Antigua, and England, for Redwood, who had come from Antigua, retained his sugar plantation there, and sold the product in England. Lopez and the Champlins did a much more extensive business, and dealt in a much greater variety of commodities, trading with nearly all parts of the Atlantic world, Bermuda alone excepted, and sent ships to Sweden, Hamburg, and the Mediterranean also. The letters and papers give us detailed information of the methods employed by commercial firms of the colonial period in carrying on their business, and furnish exact knowledge of buying and selling, of relations with sea captains on one side and London agents on the other, of staples, trade routes, prices, markets, marine insurance, specie in its manifold forms, bills of exchange paid and protested, the terms of charter parties and agreements, ships building, voyaging, and offered for sale, the slave trade, and the ups and downs of business, which in true New England fashion was generally represented as worse than it eventually turned out to be. There are a number of references in the letters to matters of political import, and the light thrown on commercial relations with England during the years of depression following the passage of the Stamp Act are of direct importance to the student of the general situation. We do not get from these papers any clear demonstration of the huge profits that have sometimes been mentioned by our historians as derived from the West India trade, for one considerable series of letters concerns the heavy indebtedness of Lopez to his London factor, amounting at one time to more than eleven thousand pounds. Nor do we seem to see the slave trade taking quite so exclusive a place in the commercial life of Newport as we have often been told was the case. The Massachusetts Historical Society is to be congratulated on having seen fit to include in its valuable printed collections so unique and important a series of papers.

A substantial volume of over 600 pages, George Bryce's "A Short History of the Canadian People" (Scribner; $3 net) is a new and much enlarged edition of the history which first appeared in 1887. The former work has been revised, and some sixteen sections (122 pages) of new matter added, covering the history of Canada during the last quarter of a century. The need of a satisfactory history of Canada in one volume has long been felt. Many attempts have been made to fill the need, but they have all fallen short in one particular or another. Though it would be too much to say that Dr. Bryce's book in its present form is the history of Canada we have been waiting for, he has at any rate produced a work better in most respects than any previous short history of the country. Dr. Bryce has his own point of view, but expresses it with reasonable restraint; he is generally able to see the other side of a question, and to put it without malice or prejudice. These are comparatively rare qualifications among those who have attempted to write Canadian history, and all the more to be commended. The more conspicuous faults of the book are a certain lack of proportion in handling the subject, the crowding of too many more or less isolated facts into the same chapter, and a somewhat slovenly style. Admirable features are the list of authorities in Appendix B, and the full index. The chronological list published in the appendix as "Canadian Annals" is an excellent idea, but a little more restraint might perhaps have been exercised in its compilation. It is, for instance, questionable if Dr. Bryce is justified in listing under such a heading the date of the birth of Solon, of Plato, and of Seneca, because the first told of Atlantis, the second preserved Solon's story, and the third forecasted the discovery of America; nor can one quite see what Marco Polo's visit to Cathay in 1291 has to do with the annals of Canada, or Cabral's discovery of Brazil in 1500, or Drake's circumnavigation of the globe in 1577. Taking it altogether, however, the "Short History of the Canadian People" is a very satisfactory work, and one that will commend itself to all students of the history of the Dominion.

Chicago boasts of no less than three laboratories for making psychophysical examinations. These are connected, respectively, with the public schools, the municipal court, and the juvenile court. The last-named, the Juvenile Psychopathic Institute, was founded in 1909 by private subscription, and last year became a department of Cook County. Under the title of "The Individual Delinquent" (Little, Brown; $5), the director, William Healy, M.D., has now published the results of five years of research in a volume of 830 pages, uncomfortably heavy to handle, and written (if not dictated) in careless and slovenly English—such as "repeated offenders" for recidivists, and "his pregnancy and birth were both normal." The book is careless in other respects: for example, we are left to wonder about the nature of the "cross-line test" and the "code test." The matter of the book is, however, better than its form. Three-fourths of its pages are devoted to descriptions of individual cases, grouped under many broadly defined causal types, which should make the volume a valuable text- and reference-book, though it is hardly "the first on the subject," unless this means the first to record the results of formal laboratory research.

The great merit of Dr. Healy's book lies in his appreciation of the fact that tests and measurements are excellent things when

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taken *cum grano*—of the salt of personal judgment and experience. For example, he defends the Binet method of gauging intelligence by age-levels, on the ground that, at least for the ten-year level and under, it furnishes the most convenient method for summarizing a case; while hinting that such tests tell us little apart from a consideration of the special disability of the subject and his social or racial class. In contrast to most writers upon criminology, Dr. Healy has no special theory of crime. In his descriptions drawn from a thousand cases every conceivable cause of crime is represented, but alcoholism and abnormal sexuality seem the most prominent, while feeble-mindedness of various kinds and stages comes next. Particularly interesting are the cases of "mental conflict," in which, for example, disturbed sexual emotions have apparently sought relief in theft; and the "verbalists," whose facility of speech serves to conceal a genuine feeble-mindedness—there must be many verbalists. His researches tend strongly to dismiss the notion of natural crime and the born criminal, and to make light of "kleptomania" and "pyromania," cases of which nearly always reveal some more or less intelligible motive or some temporary derangement of health. Most significant is the author's acute analysis of "moral insanity," and his statement that his own experience has offered no cases of "moral" insanity unaccompanied by derangement of intelligence.

The general reader will find a juicy morsel for his omnivorous maw in Prof. E. W. Chubb's "Masters of English Literature" (McClurg; $1.50 net). Twenty morsels, rather, since twenty masters, more than half of them of the nineteenth century, are prepared for even the least greedy palate. The account of the author's life and works is seasoned with many an apt quotation from his works and letters, from intimate views of his personality, from critics of his separate books or poems. You are given a taste of the man and some faint flavor of his manner. Professor Chubb's own style is surely not the stilted lingo of the purist. He has no scruples about including several ideas in one long, loose sentence, and he indulges in such archaisms as, "In *Peter Bell*, instead of the unknown, *parlous* sea, we have the familiar English landscape," or such striking neologisms as to speak of Wordsworth's "writing great poetry which the great world either *unheeded* or ridiculed."

"Religion and Life" (Harper; $1.25) is the title given by the author, Dr. Elwood Worcester, to a collection of a score or more sermons or addresses devoted partly to general studies of the Christian religion in its social and personal aspects, and partly to specific problems of the life and teaching of Jesus. Modern interpretations of the ancient faith are frequently in evidence, even Schweitzer's theory regarding the attitude of Jesus to things eschatological being in the main accepted. The addresses, which are religious in character rather than theological or ecclesiastical, reveal an intimate acquaintance with human nature.

With the possible exception of the Jews, no race has shown a deeper consciousness of nationality or a longer suffering determination to preserve it than have the Armenians. Persecution, racial and religious, massacre, proscription, political division notwithstanding, the Haik has remained always a Haik, his eyes turned always towards the revival of that ancient Armenian kingdom that first of Eastern nations accepted Christianity and has never since relinquished it. The inevitable rearrangement of the map of the Near East which must follow the present war, and the certainty that, whoever wins, the Sultan's empire will lose, may well set every Armenian heart beating with new hope, little probable though it be that the victors will consent to the re-erection of the throne of Tigranes. The more probable solution of the problem is adumbrated in the timely volume just published by Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., and the Rev. Harold Buxton, "Travel and Politics in Armenia" (Macmillan; $1.50), than whom no closer students of the Near East exist. Briefly stated, their contention is that the part of Armenia so long misgoverned by the Turks and rendered balefully infamous by the Kurdish massacres, should be handed over to Russia, as the lesser of two evils. And, as they very clearly show, the contrast between Russian and Turkish Armenia of recent years has been striking indeed, so much so that those friends of Armenia who forebode the change as from the rule of King Stork to that of Tsar Eagle, may well set aside their fears. Part of the timely volume is devoted to a sketch of Armenian history, psychology, and culture, by Mr. Aram Raffi, which errs, perhaps naturally, on the side of enthusiasm; while Lord Bryce contributes an introduction, dealing with responsibility of the Powers for past troubles.

The contents of the somewhat belated January number of the *American Journal of International Law* reflect the belligerent condition of Europe. First place is given to a discussion of "War and the Law of Nations in the Nineteenth Century," by M. Louis Renault, one of the most profoundly learned of living Frenchmen on international law. For forty years governments, aided by jurists, learned societies, and public opinion, have sought to establish precise rules for the conduct of belligerents, and M. Renault indicates the stages of the road thus far travelled. A particularly interesting portion of his article is that in which he endeavors to show that Germany had accepted the regulations of the Hague Conference, providing that a belligerent should, if occasion demanded, be liable to pay compensation and be responsible for all acts committed by its armed forces. These concessions he applies to the cases of Luxemburg and Belgium. Exceedingly valuable for reference are the accredited authorities and documents quoted, which bear on the relations between members of an invading force and the civil population. Norman Bentwick contributes the first part of a comprehensive paper on international law, as applied by England during the present conflict; Arthur W. Spencer writes on the organization of international force, and James W. Garner has a significant article on "Some Questions of International Law in the Present War," with particular reference to the violation of neutral territory, and the punitive measures adopted by Germany in Belgium. Among the subjects discussed editorially are the regulations governing the use of the Panama Canal by belligerents and the purchase of vessels of war by belligerents in neutral countries. The separately printed supplement of documents is especially valuable.

Science

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND.

Prehistoric Man and his Story: A Sketch of the History of Mankind from the Earliest Times. By G. F. Scott Elliott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2 net.

Upon a solid background of observed fact, with abundant reference to pertinent authorities, the author of this book has constructed an extremely judicious and informing work. Professor Elliott begins his story of the ascent of man with the "Preparation of the Earth" at the dawn of the Tertiary age—for, as he assures us, it is hardly necessary to go farther back than the Eocene or the Oligocene period, which, according to his probationary scale, ended some 3,200,000 years ago—and continues it through a series of twenty-seven chapters to historic times. We read of The Limits of Humanity, The First Home, The Origin of Fire and the Use of Tools, The Ice Ages, The First Europeans, Pigmies, The American Puzzle, Prehistoric Art and Trade, and War and Iron. The work is adequately illustrated, each figure being sensibly numbered, while all notes and bibliographic references are relegated to the ends of chapters. The following narrative and comment will illustrate some of the more interesting facts and theories which the reader will find elaborated in Professor Elliott's work.

As to the actual beginnings of humanity but little is as yet certainly known: Pithecanthropus, the name given by Dubois to the remarkable fossil discovered by him in Java in 1894, is still regarded as fulfilling to perfection all the requirements of a "missing link." If it really belongs to the Pliocene period, about which there seems to be little doubt, its antiquity may extend to well-nigh a million years, but it is regarded as a sort of Pliocene cousin rather than as a direct ancestor of man.

From this point backward through the vast and ever changing vistas of Tertiary time, no positive proof of man or his approximation has yet been forthcoming, except in the doubtful evidence of eoliths, those rude flints, still thought by many to have been struck or chipped by some human or semi-human hand.

As to the possible existence of an early Tertiary ancestor of man, the author remarks that if the predestined primate really existed in the Eocene period, every condition would have favored him, and he could have wandered up and down the earth in perfect peace and security, for the climate would have been salubrious, his food abundant, and his enemies few. The changes, however, that were begun in the Miocene period became acute in the Pliocene, when the crust of the earth heaved like the bosom of a troubled sea. These changes, which essentially gave us the mountains and the shores of the continents as we know them to-day, at first made migration easy, by land-connections between America and Europe, and

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between Europe and Africa that no longer exist, and were of vast significance for the future of mankind. That all of these changes were effectively met is certain, but precisely how man or his ancestors managed to weather the stress of the Pliocene period is still a mystery. As the author plausibly suggests, this was of necessity an age of adaptation and specialization, and the ancestral primate, which originated in North America, is thought to have wandered by way of Greenland to Europe, and from thence to Asia; there, it is assumed, he split up into four distinct groups, each of which followed diverse paths. There were the gentle lemurs, the arboreal, communistic monkeys of the Old World, the acrobatic anthropoid apes—the gibbon, the orang, the gorilla, and the chimpanzee—still pointed to as man's poor relations, and, if there were a fourth group, to it we must look for the ancestors of man.

Most significant of all discoveries for the history of mankind was that of the now famous skull, made by Dr. Charles Dawson, close to Piltdown, in Sussex, England. Rude flint implements and the fossil remains of many animals, including the mastodon, the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the horse, were found in abundance in the same gravel-beds, that are apparently later than the Pliocene period. Admittedly, the most ape-like of all human skulls yet discovered—excepting only Pithecanthropus, which was more ape than man—this Piltdown ancestor must be considered for the present as representing not only the first European, but the first known exponent of the human race. Much to the disappointment of the discoverer, the canine teeth in this instance were missing, but upon a later careful sifting of the earth one of them was actually recovered, and this, the author tells us, confirms in a striking way the reconstruction which he had previously made. Low and narrow in front, this extraordinary cranium attains a thickness at one point of nearly an inch. The brain-capacity—though upon this point agreement is not complete—is thought to have been 1,070 cubic centimetres, which, though greater than that of the Neanderthal race, compares favorably with the records of modern Australians; the formidable lower-jaw is very massive, and bears great teeth, which are firmly rooted to their sockets by four or five cusps. This Piltdown woman is thought to have been right-handed, rather than ambidextrous, and, with the almost equally famous Heidelberg man, shares the distinction of being the only known specimen of mankind who possessed no proper chin. In the author's opinion she belongs to the Gunz-Mindel interglacial period, and is certainly not later than the Mindel-Riss. Since the four glacial periods in Europe, according to the time-scale here adopted, lasted five hundred thousand years, the date of the Piltdown woman, upon the first hypothesis, would have to be placed at about 460,000 B. C.

What was the first home of mankind, or where did man originate, are questions to which many and curiously diverse answers have been given, but by a process of exclusion, as well as by following certain lines of more direct evidence, the author fixes with confidence upon the great quadrilateral at the meeting-point of the three continents of the old world, the centre of which would fall in Persia. Thence all the great migration-routes of humanity inevitably lead. Here the first steps in civilization seem to have been taken, first by the domestication of animals, and later by the discovery of agriculture, while here was also the birth-place of religion.

One set of primitive man's descendants pressed eastward to India, and to what are now the great oceanic islands, following the course of the Asiatic lemurs, the orang, and the gibbon; another, which strayed to Africa by the southerly track that had already served the ancestors of the gorilla and the chimpanzee, is believed to have become the African pigmy, the most ancient and least modified of all human races. Europe was first peopled from Africa, but this primitive human stock does not seem to have ever reached the American continent, which was colonized at a much later day.

From the Pliocene to the Riss Ice age, estimated at 350,000 years, the primitive race of man, subjected to diverse conditions in Asia, Africa, and Europe, must already have been split up into a number of divergent stocks. The branch that spread over Africa and entered Europe along with the great pachyderms of that day, leaving as the one certain token of their existence the rude Chellean flints, like the big mammals themselves became inured to the severities of the cold which the ice ages held in store. It is to be noted that during the early part of the Ice Age a land-bridge connected Tunis with Sicily and Italy, and the way was thus clear for these early explorers. Before the culmination of the Riss, Europe, we are assured, was no place for either man or pachyderm, and many, no doubt, returned to their earlier and more genial home, but the remnant that remained and managed to survive, lived on, it is assumed, through the Riss-Wurm interglacial, becoming the Acheuleans and the Moustierians of later times. During this milder epoch the men of Aurignac are supposed to have first set foot on Europe, to have mingled with the strains already established there, and in the course of time to have become the race of Cromagnon, or the Magdalenians. That pigmies accompanied these Aurignacians from Africa is considered highly probable, and a discovery of two small negroids, buried in the same cave at Grimaldi, with a fine specimen of Cromagnon man is highly significant.

These savage Aurignacians were the great hunters of their day, using spears and javelins, as well as bows and arrows; while at a later period they also invented the line and fish-hook. They slew and ate the mighty mammoth and woolly rhinoceros, as well as the horse, the reindeer, and the bison, pursuing them as persistently on their migrations as the Red Indian later followed the buffalo over the prairies.

Professor Elliott thinks that the Neanderthal race was the one that made the Acheulean and Moustierian implements, and that it includes the later stages of River Drift man, as well as the earlier phases of cavemen in Europe. They were low-browed, bandy-legged, powerful savages, and their projecting jaws, heavy jowls, and retreating chins must have given them an appearance far from prepossessing to the eyes of the modern white man. Yet the Neanderthaler knew the use of fire, and seems to have entertained some ideas of a future life, for he sometimes buried his dead with a great array of flint implements, and an abundant store of marrow-bones, already split open, as if prepared for a feast.

During the seventy-six thousand years or more that savages were living in caves and eking out a bare existence in Europe, the earlier stock in Asia had far outstripped them in every step which marks the progress of civilization, more particularly in the domestication of wild animals and plants, and in agriculture. From a desultory savage, man became a herdsman, and from living the life of a nomadic shepherd, he finally settled down to till and possess the earth. No increase in population has ever been possible for the purely hunting savage, who, according to Lord Avebury, required a range of 6,471 acres for his individual support alone. Domestic animals, however, under favorable conditions, can be made to double their numbers every year, and with the raising of crops, yielding from twenty to thirty-fold, the possibilities of human increase and development were profoundly altered. No doubt these changes were soon followed by village-life and tribal government in some form, and no doubt also, as a corollary to this increase, war became possible on a scale hitherto unknown.

So far back as man can be traced we meet, says the author, with the two great divisions of mankind, the long-headed and short-headed peoples, and they converge to that spot in Persia or Mesopotamia where wild animals were first domesticated. To the long-headed Mediterranean race who first entered Europe through the Levant, we owe the first beginnings of agriculture, and the author thinks that the brachycephalic people may be credited with the capital discovery of animal-training.

When central Europe was finally free from the grip of the Ice Ages, the country became overspread with dense forests, through which roamed at will the remnants of the glacial fauna—the red deer, the urus, or wild ox, the bison, and moose, all of which survived to historic times, while European man, who lived by hunting them, was also reduced to the survivors of the Aurignacian or Cromagnon race, called earlier the Magdalenians, but to be henceforth known as the Azilians. Most of the big game, trailed as usual by their human enemies, had already migrated to the north and east, but at this time only the reindeer, the mammoth, and the bison seem to have reached the American continent, the latter to become the ancestors of

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the buffalo. The savage Azilians were dolichocephalic and robust, possibly fair-haired and blue-eyed, and spreading to the north and west, in time became our Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

When the world had at last become ripe for conquest, this was effected by successive swarms of nomadic, short-headed herdsmen, who, as Mongols, Tartars, and Manchus, poured from the old stamping-ground of humanity into Siberia, Mongolia, and Manchuria, and extended their sway over China, Korea, and Japan. Still other hordes pushed westwards into Russia and Austria, settled on the Danube, and even penetrated into Spain, where as Basques their direct descendants can be seen to this day.

The long-headed race drove westward also, but by a different route; they hugged the river valleys and the coasts, and, taking with them their neolithic stone-tools and their intensive methods of cultivation, they did not stop until they had peopled both shores of the Mediterranean and had reached the outermost bounds of France and Great Britain. The neolithic Mediterraneans were master-builders, as their dolmens and Stonehenges prove; they were also skilled agriculturists and keen traders as well, and after the discovery of copper and bronze their trade-routes stretched all over Europe. They supplied their barbarian neighbors on the north with weapons, and though they paid excessively dear for this practice, modern nations have never profited by their experience.

At about 1700 B. C. the fair-haired Germans and Scandinavians make their first appearance in history by raiding the peaceful dwellers of the Mediterranean; allied to such, as the author believes, were also the long-haired Achæans of Homer, the fierce Amorites of Palestine, and as a later variety may be reckoned the Northmen and Vikings who ravaged the shores of England in Roman times.

The author's attempted solution of the "American Puzzle" is interesting: the Eskimo is believed to have entered America from northeastern Asia, along with the mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the bison, the moose, and reindeer; he clung to the north, since no extensive settlement was possible in central Canada and the United States until after the retreat of the ice. From the same quarter, but at a later day, came the Red Indian, who formed the mass of American humanity up to modern times, and he was a brachycephalic Mongol. But the Loess of Nebraska has revealed traces of the long-headed Aurignacian stock, or of a race showing characters of Cromagnon x Neaderthaler, though the Calaveras skull is considered to be quite modern rather than "less recent." No doubt the North American Indians never used horses until they could steal them, as the author remarks, but he is certainly not justified in adding that they could not understand any other advantages of civilization. The subject is too complex for discussion here, but we will only refer to the considerable plantations of maize, tobacco, not to speak of pumpkins, squashes, and beans, which some of the tribes maintained even as far north as Massachusetts in New England.

About 1000 B. C. a fleet of boats containing fugitives from Japan is supposed to have landed near Tumfez, in Peru; it is believed that they belonged to the neolithic Mediterranean dolmen-building stock, that they brought with them their knowledge of domestic animals, intensive agriculture, and copper, and that they gave rise to the Incan and Mexican civilizations. To continue, the famous Mound-builders, who tried to occupy a part of what is now the United States, were an offshoot or colony of this ingenious race, which, if for no other reason, deserves the everlasting gratitude of mankind for having been the first to grow the maize, the potato, the tomato, and, as many would also agree, the tobacco.

In a very interesting discussion of prehistoric art, it is noted that between 2,000 and 3,000 pictures of the Magdalenian or "golden" era have already been catalogued, that the finest specimens are the plychrome figures of bison, horses, and reindeer in the caves of Altamira in Spain; in certain cases even the footprints, if not the very fingerprints, of the artist have been preserved; moreover, to palæolithic man it is probable we owe also the beginning of the three R's.

As offering a plausible suggestion of the way in which fire may have been originally discovered, the following quotation is noteworthy: "According to Mr. Theobold, forests at Animallai in southern India are often set on fire by friction caused by one bamboo branch rubbing against another." It should be added that the tender bamboo shoots are good to eat, and that "the nigrittoes of Zambales still make fires by rubbing one bamboo across a nick in another."

In recording the successive invasions of the Mediterranean peoples from the north and south the author draws some deductions that are of peculiar interest at this time. "Those civilizations," he declares, "were destroyed because every man in the community was not trained to serve his country in war." There was no organization for defence, and for all practical purposes the Baltic was as remote from Crete as Canton or Tokio is from London. "It looks," he says, "as if the pitiless destruction of war often revives and invigorates a decaying nationality. Like a hard frost in winter which pulverizes the soil and kills all except the most vigorous of the bacteria, worms, birds, and animals, serious war results in the destruction of parasites and unhealthy growths of all kinds."

People at this time may well ask whether arming for defence is the only means of avoiding serious war, or whether the man or the nation in moderate or declining health needs the stimulus of being drawn through the knot-hole of the smallpox or typhoid fever in order to become robust. The author's comparison is here not very exact, for the hard frost that cuts down the flowers and fruits, like serious war, is almost certain to leave the weeds unharmed.

Drama

THE MODERN STAGE.

The New Movement in the Theatre. By Sheldon Cheney. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2 net.

The reality of a new movement in the theatre is sufficiently proved by the number of its historians and commentators. Mr. Cheney writes about it with knowledge and general sanity, but, like most enthusiasts in the cause, he is somewhat apt to overrate the importance of what has been actually accomplished and its significance for the future. There can be no question, however, of the great value of the pioneer work done by the various independent stock companies and art theatres, which are springing up everywhere in this country, in England, and in Europe, and it is undoubtedly true that the example and the achievements of some of them are beginning to have an effect upon some of the commercial stages. In all this there is ground for encouragement and hope, but it must not be forgotten that the artistic and literary theatres, as a rule, are supported by an infinitesimal fraction of the community, or that the pernicious system which has brought about the present debased conditions of the stage, and which is very strongly intrenched, must be overthrown before there can be any wide theatrical renaissance. Mr. Cheney optimistically believes that in these independent societies lies the potentiality of the ideal drama to be. Let us hope he is right.

He gives concise and intelligent summaries of the noteworthy progress made in serious dramatic writing and artistic production, here and in Europe, in recent years, and is an ardent supporter of the theories of Gordon Craig. But he is judicious enough to perceive their occasional extravagance and the impossibility and unwisdom of their universal application. As a matter of fact, their tendency to minimize the functions of the actor is inimical to the chief object of the theatre. For the artistic reinforcement of the purely æsthetic, mystical, or symbolical drama they are altogether sound and potent. There is a very large element of truth in Craig's axiom that action is movement, although, of course, the two things are not identical. That the art of natural, interpretative gesture is virtually unknown on the modern stage is one of the tritest of observations. It vanished with the old stock companies, and no scenic device can compensate for the loss of it. Mr. Cheney's keen comment on Reinhardt's treatment of Greek and Shakespearean tragedy amounts to a confession that the scenic principles which were so effective and appropriate in "Sumurûn" and "The Miracle" were entirely mischievous in poetic psychological drama. The simple truth is that, while every art may be made properly contributory to the theatre, no one of them should be allowed to dominate it.

It is not altogether fair to draw compari-

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sons between the finest effects of the modern artistic stage decorator and the crudest scenic makeshifts of the commercial stage. That these are utterly contemptible and abominable goes without saying. The superior mechanical and lighting devices at the disposal of the modern producers give them a vast advantage over their predecessors. But it must not be supposed that all the latest scenic triumphs are without precedent. Men like Harker, Beverley, Telbin, and Clarkson Stanfield did wonderful work in their day. They were often guilty, of course, of striving after that realism of which Mr. Cheney speaks so contemptuously, but not everybody will admit that that was a fault in plays where realism was not only appropriate but demanded. No more delicate, fanciful, and poetic representation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was ever made than that given by Samuel Phelps at Sadler's Wells sixty years or more ago. Mr. Cheney alludes to the cupola horizon as a modern invention, but Charles Fechter used one in his Lyceum Theatre on Fourteenth Street in the 'seventies. For some reason or other, perhaps because it was an imperfect model, it did not work satisfactorily. There were sets on the Wallack and Union Square stages, in the old days, in which architectural and atmospheric problems were most successfully solved. As to the point that realistic, detailed scenery distracts attention from the actor more than the plain, suggestive, artistic background, that is, at least, susceptible of argument, which might lead to the conclusion that all scenery is harmful. But it may be doubted whether, in the presence of good acting, the spectator is affected by the scenery at all. An illustration might be found in the acting of Edwin Booth. Mr. Cheney does not make out his case against David Belasco, whom he arraigns as the chief sinner among realistic producers. Mr. Belasco, it may be noted, does not deal with "spiritual essences," and if he did, it is not likely that he would concern himself overmuch with the symbolization of them in his decorations. Much that has been written on this subject by Mr. Craig is mere rodomontade. The varying moods of life—except in a very restricted sense—cannot be and need not be reflected in the scene. It may be laid down as an artistic dogma that what is studiously unreal has no place in the decoration of realistic drama.

The chief hope of the new drama, Mr. Cheney thinks, lies with the group of English dramatists, which includes Barker, Shaw, Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Barrie, and others, of whose work the distinguishing characteristic, he says, is sincerity. This definition is, in the main, correct, but it scarcely would include Shaw. To Galsworthy the author pays a high and deserved tribute. In France, he says, there is nothing, just now, approaching to a dramatic school, although there are many brilliant play-writers. If this be so, it does not matter much, for variety of ideas is the most precious asset of the theatre. And it is gratifying to note that this is a dominant feature in the work of the independent theatres in America, which are experimenting in all directions, from historical pageantry to sensational realism. In his "new theory of the theatre" Mr. Cheney has composed an interesting and cheerful essay, but, actually, there is nothing new in it. Analyzed, it is simply a recapitulation of formularies whose general accuracy has long been recognized and acknowledged. You don't change facts by rearrangement and renomination. His book is a good one, both in literary and critical qualities, but it fails to grapple with the most vital of all existent theatrical problems: the revival of the art of acting. The pretence that the primary object of the theatre is a sensuous appeal to the eye and ear—the delights of opera and imaginative spectacle—is utterly indefensible, and that is what Mr. Craig's theories, in their logical development, virtually amount to. It is a denial of the comprehensive and legitimate claim of the theatre to deal with every phase, within decent boundaries, of human interests, experience, and emotions. The rebuilding of the theatre must begin and be completed upon the foundation of the actor. And of really competent actors, amateur organizations never have been and never can be the school.

J. Ranken Towse.

"TRILBY."

The revival of "Trilby" could hardly come at a more opportune time, and Joseph Brooks and the Shuberts are to be congratulated both on the inspiration which prompted them to undertake the revival and on the excellent production which they have made at the Shubert Theatre. We say that the moment is opportune because the enthusiasm of the large audience on the second night, which at the end of the third act would hardly allow the players to leave the stage, showed, we suspect, more than appreciation for an old favorite and an extraordinarily good cast; it showed a sense of profound relief at having escaped for once from an atmosphere of murky realism into the clearer air of romance.

The charm of "Trilby" is an elusive thing; as a play it is a bundle of faults, redeemed only by the ever-fascinating atmosphere of the Quartier Latin and some excellent characterization. The mechanism creaks and groans, yet the noises that it makes do not interfere one whit with our enjoyment. The charm of the play, one fancies, is to a very large extent derived from the reminiscent charm of the book, for George du Maurier's "Trilby" is something more than a best seller of a generation ago. Even for those who have never read the book, its characters—Trilby and the Laird and Little Billee and big, great-hearted Taffy—have become almost legendary figures, having taken their place among the last and lesser giants of the great Victorian tradition—and that, as du Maurier might have phrased it, was "a pretty good tradition, too."

An "all-star" cast is not always or necessarily an unmitigated blessing, but the cast which has been collected to present "Trilby" not only justifies its title, but works with a harmony that is not too often seen when many stars are gathered together into one firmament. Wilton Lackaye, Burr McIntosh, and Leo Ditrichstein resume their old rôles of Svengali, Taffy, and Zouzou, and time has not withered nor the accustomed atmosphere of stardom staled the charm of their performances. Svengali is a grim and horrible creature, with the touch of grotesque humor that du Maurier put into the character, and that has been well preserved by Mr. Lackaye. Burr McIntosh, a stately and formidable figure, is Taffy to the life, the Taffy of du Maurier's illustrations, and George MacFarlane, as the likable Laird, might have walked straight from the pages of the book. A very pleasing feature of the performance is Mr. MacFarlane's sympathetic singing in the second act. Leo Ditrichstein is the same gay and irresponsible Zouzou, Taylor Holmes makes a decidedly successful Gecko, and Miss Rose Coghlan plays with humor, if perhaps a little exaggeration, as Madame Vinard. The Little Billee of Brandon Tynan is a capable performance, but fails to bring out the sensitive, sympathetic quality of that small hero's nature that made him beloved of his two friends as well as of Trilby.

The rest of the large cast was generally competent and contributed to make a successful ensemble. The outstanding success of the evening, however, was undoubtedly Trilby herself. Admirably fitted in personal appearance for this rôle, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry played it with genuine cleverness and appreciation of the spiritual values of the part. Her acting in the trance scenes was particularly good and never overdone, and the fact that she possesses a well-trained and very pleasing light soprano voice made it possible, for the first time, for the scene in the Cirque des Bashibazouks to be rendered with verisimilitude. Miss Terry's rendering of the part of Trilby justifies the encomiums which have been bestowed upon her by the English press and atones for the slight disappointment which was felt on her previous appearances in New York in "Twelfth Night" and "The Adventure of Lady Ursula."

A protest should be lodged, not for the first time, against the ill manners of New York audiences in arriving late at the theatre. When the curtain went up on the second night the house downstairs was but half filled, and the greater part of the first act was for many people rendered almost unintelligible by a stream of late-comers taking their seats.

S. W.

"THE REVOLT."

Since obviously it would be monstrous to impute to authors and managers any save the highest motives, we must accept the presumptive theory of these gentlemen, that so long as a single playgoer of the present generation remains unfamiliar with the internal economy of the brothel and the house of assignation, just so long will be imposed upon them the sacred duty of bringing light to the uninitiated. When we all (especially our daughters) know exactly what houses of this kind look like, and what goes on there, authors, managers, and public, perhaps with a sigh of relief, may pass on to another, and, let us hope, a less strenuous form of "uplift." Meanwhile, since discussion as to the desirability of this particular form of entertainment is quite futile, it only remains to consider how far artistically a play like Mr. Edward Locke's "The Revolt," presented last week at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, can be called successful.

Here we find, in a decidedly shabby apart-

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ment in Brooklyn, a mother and her child—also a stepmother. It is late at night, and the husband and father, John Stephens (a troublesome rôle admirably played by Vincent Serrano), has not come home; indeed, we are given to understand that this Lothario has spent the greater part of the past seven years in not coming home. Car after car goes past the corner behind the scenes with a verisimilitudinous clang and clatter, and the harassed wife and mother divides her time between inducing a fractious child to go to sleep and listening to the exhortations of her villanous old stepmother (to the clever impersonation of which character by Miss Jessie Ralph unreserved tribute must be given) to pay the peccant John back in his own coin and go out and have a good time. We need not over-elaborate the rather unsavory story. On the husband's return the wife announces her intention of leaving him—and, incidentally, the child—and in the second act we find her making her début in the demi-monde of New York. She is ready to "go the limit," but when the test comes she finds she cannot do it. There is a struggle with a drunken brute, a rescue by a good doctor (whose presence in this galley is inadequately explained), and at the critical moment the telephone rings—her child is dying. In the last act she is back in the Brooklyn flat, still accompanied by the good doctor, whose ministrations revive the child, and whose diplomacy brings about a reunion between reformed husband and penitent wife.

The psychology of the thing is utterly false. A woman of the character that Anna Stephens, the wife, must be in order to make possible the dénouement, could never even have contemplated adopting the profession of a prostitute; still less could she have calmly abandoned the child. The mechanism of the piece is even worse. The scene in the flat represents a living-room, separated from the bedroom by an arch with curtains. The mere drawing of these curtains is supposed, apparently, to provide a barrier to sound as well as to sight, and, while husband and doctor are stormily arguing and coming to blows in the living-room, the sick child is being peacefully hushed to sleep on the other side of the curtains. The acting on the whole is good. Miss Alma Belwin, as Anna Stephens, misses opportunities in the first act, but rises to the occasion later, and Edwin Mordant is effective as the doctor. But at the best "The Revolt" is crude melodrama, and marks a great decline in art since Mr. Locke wrote with genuine cleverness in "The Case of Becky." S. W.

There is every reason why music-lovers should be in present sympathy with Poland, for that country has given to the world Chopin and more than its share of popular singers and players of our time, among them Sembrich, Gadski, Paderewski, Josef Hofmann. The Polish number of the *Etude*, published by Theodore Presser, Philadelphia, gives a good idea of the debt the world owes to that preeminently musical country. In it are articles by Paderewski ("Breadth in Musical Art Work"); Sembrich ("The Beauty of Poland's National Music"); Antoinette Szumowska ("How Poland's Inspiriting Dances Have Enriched Musical Literature"); Zielinski ("The Development of Music in Poland"); Stojowski ("A Master Lesson on Chopin's First Impromptu"), besides an excellent article on the career of Paderewski by the editor of the *Etude*, James Francis Cooke.

Art

TWO BOOKS ON COPLEY.

The Life and Works of John Singleton Copley, Founded on the Work of Augustus Thorndike Perkins. By Frank W. Bailey. Boston: The Taylor Press.

Letters and Papers of John Singleton Copley and Henry Pelham, 1739-1776. The Massachusetts Historical Society.

Mr. Bailey's book, like Perkins's, upon which it is based, has no literary pretensions of any sort, but is simply a list of sitters arranged alphabetically with concise biographical information about each. The subject pictures (there are more than would be imagined) find their place in the list under the initial of the first significant word in the title. Save a self-portrait as frontispiece, there are no illustrations. The book is beautifully printed.

Since Copley was primarily a portrait painter, there is something to be said for this ordering of the material, but it should have been supplemented by better indexes. Everybody who uses this work will be forced to compile his own index of places and of subject pictures. This is a task that should have been undertaken by the author. Aside from this, the book represents patient research and marks a welcome augmentation of our material. Mr. Bailey has, in addition to his own investigations, had access to the sheets of the Copley correspondence lately recovered from the London Record Office. Thus it is pretty nearly a definitive collection of information concerning the paintings, and indispensable to all students of Copley's severe and sterling art.

Far greater human interest attaches to the Copley-Pelham correspondence, which is sumptuously published with numerous illustrations by the Massachusetts Historical Society. Apparently, at some time when Copley was a refugee in London, he became suspect, and his papers were seized. Later, by default, they reverted to the Record Office. Though most of the letters are by Copley and his step-brother, Henry Pelham, many other letters of an interesting sort are in the files. The chief new contribution to our knowledge is a portrait-painting trip to New York in 1771. The lists and letters put us on the track of some twenty portraits formerly either unknown or unjustly suspect.

In all the letters the transparent goodness and solidity of the man appear most pleasingly. Some of the entries are pathetic. To a London friend, possibly Benjamin West, Copley writes in 1767, "was it not for preserving the resemblance of perticular persons, painting would not be known in the place. The people generally regard it no more than any other usefull trade, like that of a carpenter tailor or shew maker, not as one of the most noble Arts in the World." In the summer of 1774 Copley followed his star to England. There are a few touching letters to his young wife, "ever Dearest Sukey." The Revolution, the course of which he lucidly foresaw, was to drive her over to him and make the family English.

Aside from the strong personal interest of these letters, they afford capital antiquarian gleanings of all sorts. For example, there is an amusing correspondence with Pelham concerning a "peazer" to be affixed to the Copley mansion. There is even opposite page 136 a sketch of the structure. The extracts carry back half a generation the history of a characteristic Americanism. "The New English Dictionary" has no examples so early. Worthy also of the attention of lexicographers is "layman," page 117, in the sense of lay figure.

In 1771, at Judge William Allen's in Philadelphia, Copley had the joy of seeing copies after the great masters: "We saw a fine Coppy of the Titiano Venus, and Holy Family at whole Length as large as life from Coregio, and four other small half Lengths of Single figures as large as life, one a St. Cecelia, and Heriodias with John Baptist's head, Venus lamenting over the Body of Adonus and I think a Niobe, I cannot be certain." He was certain that several portraits which he saw at [New] Brunswick were early Van Dycks. One would like to rediscover them.

It is strange that, except for Dunlap's genial chapter, there has never been a real life of Copley. In these two books the materials for such a study are abundantly afforded.

Finance

THE "WAR ORDERS."

Not very long ago, when the magnitude of the orders for war supplies, placed in this market by England, France, Russia, and Italy, dawned with great suddenness on the financial mind, some daring estimates of their aggregate volume were heard. In Wall Street it was commonly declared, last month, that the orders already placed would involve $1,000,000,000 worth of exports in the year. This estimate was absurd. The country's total export of all manufactured goods, in our banner year for that branch of trade, was only $779,000,000. There is not the least reason to suppose that the United States has mill capacity enough, or ocean freight-room enough, to keep up our ordinary routine shipments and deliver a billion dollars' worth of war material in addition.

How much, then, are we actually sending to Europe of such goods? The question is peculiarly difficult to answer. Contractors for such exports are as secretive as the agents representing the foreign Governments. Not only does the existence of hostile warcraft on the sea, and possibly of spies on land, give a motive for concealing facts, but middlemen and manufacturers are watching one another with the closest jealousy. An army of would-be intermediaries in the placing of such orders has sprung up;

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one of the almost daily tasks, in the office of the largest purchasing agency, is to drive out of its corridors the swarm of shabby and importunate applicants, carrying dingy parcels of "samples" under their arms, and professing to be in touch with supplies of war material. As a result of each active middleman's unwillingness to tell what he is doing, nobody has means of clearly ascertaining what is actually being done by his competitors.

When the Bethlehem Steel, the largest maker of war munitions in this country, published a week ago its annual report for 1914, it showed the unfilled orders on its books, as of December 31, to be $21,000,000 more than at the end of 1913, and $17,000,000 more than in any previous year-end of its history. This was after a season of exceptionally poor business in the company's manufacture of goods for home account, and there is little question that its unfilled orders for Europe, as of February 28 or March 31, would show a substantial further increase. An important and responsible purchasing agent in the business, asked this week if the total of such orders placed in the United States to date would reach $500,000,000, answered that he thought not, but agreed that $300,000,000 might approximate it, though adding that no human being could make an estimate seriously worth considering.

There are left the Government's detailed reports of the country's monthly export trade. In time, they will tell the story. But the Government is extremely dilatory, nowadays, in preparing its detailed monthly reports of the country's export trade, classified by separate commodities. Its last report covers only January, and the January detailed figures, when analyzed as to exports fairly ratable as for military purposes, showed increase of barely $18,000,000 over January, 1914, which would be only $216,000,000 for the year. But the talk of the trade in January was far less of actual shipments than of the huge increase in orders placed for delivery later on.

It was not, in fact, until after the middle of that month that the New York bankers, acting for England in the purchase of supplies, organized a staff of purchasing agents for the work. That the actual shipments must have increased very largely in the next two months, is proved by the general totals of the trade returns for February. Not only did our export of all merchandise, that month, increase $31,000,000 over January (only $7,000,000 of that increase coming from exports of foodstuffs), but a recent report on the February foreign trade by classes of merchandise shows that our export of manufactured and "miscellaneous" goods, that month, increased $32,000,000 over 1914, whereas the similar items, during January, ran only $20,000,000 above the preceding year.

This showing, taken together with the actual January figures of increase in war material exported, would on its face suggest that, a month or more ago, such exports were going out at the annual rate of about $360,000,000. To what extent the shipments have increased since February is a matter of conjecture. One can only say that the country's total exports of all merchandise, in the second week of March, were $10,000,000 greater than the weekly average of February, and that this occurred in spite of grain exports $2,000,000 less than the February average.

How long this very extraordinary movement will continue, depends mainly on the duration of the war. It is said that, even now, the policy of the buyers is to condition orders to guarantee of quick delivery—possibly with a view to early peace. But the maintenance or increase of the recent pace of shipment also depends in a degree on the available supply of certain raw materials in this country. Lack of such immediately available material of the sort probably caused some slackening of the exports towards the end of March.

There are numerous other interesting aspects of the movement. One is the question, how our larger basic industries are being affected by the movement. At Pittsburgh it was estimated last week that, whereas exports of steel and iron in January were only 57 per cent. as large as the monthly average in the "banner year" 1912, they may now have reached or passed that older average. A very different question has concerned the ethics of thus supplying war material to the European belligerents. As to this, ex-President Taft has given the answer, in his statement, first, that the shipments by private makers are admittedly no violation of neutrality; next, that for the Government to forbid such exports to England, France, Russia, or Italy would be an act unfriendly to those Powers; but, finally, that a policy of preventing sales of munitions from a neutral community would amount, in all future wars, to putting a weak or ill-prepared belligerent at the mercy of his well-equipped antagonist.

Perhaps the most curious fact of all about the episode is that, whereas, in August, we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of an increasing export trade through capture of neutral markets lost by the European belligerents, the actual swelling of our outward trade has come from a cause not once considered at the time. South America and Asia, into which we were to pour our exports, took from us, in the first two months of 1915, $5,000,000 less than the year before.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Anderson, A. W. The Rim of the Desert. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Barr, A. E. The Winning of Lucia. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Brower, L. C. The Vale of Illusion. Chicago, Ill.: Reilly & Britton. $1.25 net.
Dowling, S. The Gray-Whale Flagship. Appleton. 50 cents net.
Erskine, P. A Girl of the Blue Ridge. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Hay, James, jr. The Man Who Forgot. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Jepson, E. Happy Pollyooly. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Mauldsley, D. The Solitaries of The Sambuca. Dutton.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Blossom, F. A. La Composition de Salammbô. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins Press.
Bradbury, H. B. The Structure of an Effective Public Speech. Greenfield, Mass.: T. Morey & Son.
Cole, F. C. Traditions of the Tinguian: A Study in Philippine Folk-Lore. Anthropological series. Vol. XIV, No. 1. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History.
Coleman, A. Flaubert's Literary Development in the Light of His Mémoires d'un Fou, Novembre and Education Sentimentale. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins Press.
Getting a Wrong Start: A Truthful Autobiography. Macmillan. $1 net.
Lawson, W. P. The Log of a Timber Cruiser. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Mills, E. A. The Rocky Mountain Wonderland. Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Walker, H. The English Essay and Essayists. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Widdicombe, J. Memories and Musings. T. Fisher Unwin. $4 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Goodspeed, E. J. The Freer Gospels. The Bixby Gospels. First series. Volume II, Parts 3 and 4. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.
Reed, S. M. Church and State in Massachusetts. 1691-1740. Volume III, No. 4. Urbana, Ill.: University of Illinois. $1.05 net.
Works of Martin Luther. Volume I. Philadelphia, Pa.: A. J. Holman Company. $2 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Beard, Mary Ritter. Woman's Work in Municipalities. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Belding, A. G. Accounts and Accounting Practice. American Book Co.
King, C. L. Lower Living Costs in Cities. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Redlich, J. The Common Law and the Case Method, in American University Law Schools. Bulletin No. 8. Carnegie Foundation.
Report of the Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the American Bar Association, held at Washington. Baltimore, Md.: The Lord Baltimore Press.
Weaver, E. W. Profitable Vocations for Boys. The A. S. Barnes Co.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Gauss, C. The German Emperor. Scribner. $1.25 net.
King Albert's Book. Hearst Int. Library Co. $1.50 net.
Putnam, G. P. and G. H. Tabular Views of Universal History. Putnam. $2.50 net.
Reilly, J. J. James Russell Lowell as a Critic. Putnam.
Snyder, W. L. Military Annals of Greece. 2 vols. Boston: Badger. $3 net.
Thompson, Robert J. England and Germany in the War. Boston, Mass.: Chapple Pub. Co. $1 net.

TRAVEL.

Verrill, A. H. The Cruise of the Cormorant. Holt. $1.35 net.

SCIENCE.

Hawes, J. B. Consumption. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Norton, F. P. Six Dramas. The Schulte Press.

ART.

Prout, S. Sketches in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Lane. $3 net.
Smith, F. Hopkinson. Outdoor Sketching. Scribner. $1 net.
Thomson, W. G. Tapestry Weaving in England. Scribner.

JUVENILE.

Jenkins, M. The Jackal Patrol of Troop Five. Appleton. 50 cents net.
Nichols, W. T. The War for the Island. Appleton. 50 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Bricker, G. A. Agricultural Education for Teachers. American Book Co.
Kellogg, V. L., and Doane, R. W. Economic Zoölogy and Entomology. Holt.
Leonard, A. W., and Fuess, C. M. A High School Spelling Book. American Book Co.

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